

Catholic Digest

Vol. 4

MARCH, 1940

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CATHOLIC READERS' DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

The great crowd gathered for the feast day acclaimed the Lord: Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord. With the angels and the children let us be found faithful, acclaiming Him who doth triumph over death: Hosanna in the highest.

Liturgy of Palm Sunday

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

55 E. TENTH STREET

ST. PAUL
MINNESOTA



Entered as second-class
matter, November 11,
1936, at the post office
at St. Paul, Minnesota,
under Act of March 3rd,
1879.

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Catholic Digest, Inc.



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The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and upon non-Catholic magazines as well, when they publish Catholic articles. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic magazines. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: For the rest, brethren, all that is true, all that is seemly, all that is just, all that is pure, all that is lovable, all that is winning—whatever is virtuous or praiseworthy—let such things fill your thought.



Published Monthly. Subscription price, \$3.00 the Year—2 Years for \$5.00. Your own and a gift subscription \$5.00. No charge for foreign postage. Printed in the U. S. A.

Editor: Paul Bussard
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"I Hate Lent"

It wakes us up

By JOHN S. KENNEDY

Condensed from *Columbia**

"I hate Lent!" These are not my words. They are Marjorie's words. Anyone who knows Marjorie realizes that that seldom silent young lady is given to startling statements. There is never too much conviction behind them; they are largely for effect. But this time, I felt, she was serious.

I had come on a census call. I was tired and a little annoyed, for my journey up the street had been like Peter's long night on the deep. No luck. As any brush salesman will tell you, the afternoon is a bad time to canvass Linton Avenue. The ladies who live there are seldom at home after one o'clock. Bridge and movie matinees and appointments with the hairdresser are only a few of the things which take them abroad from lunch time until early evening.

For me the census that day had been a series of fruitless bell-pushings. No-

body home. Except for Mrs. Brian. She was in, but she was sure I didn't know it. She thought she had been very clever in pulling the living-room curtain back the merest quarter-inch to find out who was at the door. But I caught the minute movement. And I saw her, green housecoat, cigarette, red fingernails and all. I couldn't help thinking that I never refuse to open the slide when Mrs. Brian comes to confession.

The Fays' house was the last on the street. I didn't expect there would be anyone home, but I tried anyhow. And Marjorie let me in.

She is a student at Ultra College, a non-Catholic institution near our city. She is completing her first year of domestic science. It didn't take her a week to discover that her mother was, contrary to all previous belief, a wretched cook, and that the Fay diet

*45 Wall St., New Haven, Conn. February, 1940.

was so badly out of balance as to be all but poisonous. Indeed, she now thought it a miracle that her husky brothers were not long since dead, or at least victims of scurvy. But Marjorie was now busily saving them—against their will.

The girls at the college are an outspoken lot. The most influential of their teachers, a Miss Treel, insists on the need of "absolute honesty." The girls imitate her, speaking their minds even when there is nothing there to speak. So when, for the sake of conversation, I made the fatuous observation, "Well, Lent is almost here again," Marjorie came back with, "I hate Lent!"

Marjorie's dislike of Lent is shared by many Catholics; too many in fact. Her *I hate Lent!* has been repeated to me by not a few others in the parish; hence I have tried to gather some of the reasons given for this view and to examine their validity.

When you follow up *I hate Lent!* with *Why?* you discover that fast and abstinence have a lot to do with it. They were the substance of Marjorie's complaint. I find it hard to understand why the laws of fast and abstinence should be resented by American Catholics, for a good many of them seem not to recognize the binding force of these regulations or at least their relevance to themselves.

But there are Catholics who, although not worried by the laws of fast

and abstinence, are nevertheless critical of the *principle* of fast and abstinence. Whether or not they realize it, they are motivated by a feeling that fast and abstinence are somehow puritanical, outraging what is naturally good. In this they share the view of many critics who hold that the Church is not so much a mother of humankind as a stepmother. It is curious that a generation puritanical in the worst possible sense should accuse the Church of puritanism. In the matter of sex, for example, the Church is thoroughly wholesome. She advocates in marriage the complete and perfect marital act, whereas her critics advocate an ugly inhibition of it which is an unnatural revolt from the laws of life.

Is the principle of fast and abstinence puritanical? Yes, we are told, for food is a good thing. To forbid eating is as wrong as to forbid breathing. But the point is that the Church does not forbid eating; rather, she attempts to regulate eating, and that for our own welfare. Food is a good thing, yes. It supports life. But it is not an ultimate good, like the beatific vision. It is a relative good, like sunshine. One can get too much of sunshine. Ask any farmer.

When one makes the mistake of thinking food an absolute good, one has to pay for that mistake. Sometimes the payment is in acute distress, which makes one feel as if the 16 decisive battles of the world were being simul-

taneously refought up and down the terrain of his stomach; sometimes in a girth so startlingly increased that a single seat in the bus just won't do. Hence most people are temperate for purely selfish and material reasons: to avoid either uneasiness or unsightliness.

Each of us knows more than a few people who fast and abstain for the body's sake alone. They subsist on water and raw carrots, which is an extreme form of fasting. Or they resolutely pass up certain kinds of food, which is, of course, true abstinence. They want to be streamlined, not sealioned. So they go on a diet, often so rigorous as to undermine health.

The Church prescribes nothing so radical as the formulas of leading beauticians. And what the Church does prescribe is from an altogether different, higher, motive. She aims not at the dubious beauty of the body, which so quickly withers and perishes, but at the absolute beauty of the soul, which can grow lovelier with each passing year and is destined to endure forever.

But how can the quantity or quality of what one eats affect one's soul? The soul and the body are closely related. They have to be, for together they make up one human nature. They are, therefore, intimately connected and interact in a sometimes startling manner. When worry has one's mind in turmoil, one cannot digest a meal. And

when one's stomach is roaring with hunger, one finds it almost impossible to lift one's mind to God, that is, to pray.

Now soul and body, though each has its share in our makeup, are not on the same level. The soul is the principal part of our nature. Being spiritual, it is of a higher order than the body, which is physical. The higher takes precedence over the lower, hence the soul's welfare is the prime consideration in all human action. I have said that when one is extremely hungry, he finds it difficult to pray. This does not mean that the more one eats, the better he prays. As a matter of fact, a prolonged dinner is a greater deterrent to prayer than a prolonged fast. Why? Because it gives a physical appetite full and complete rein over the whole of human nature, most notably the soul. Our physical appetites are blind urges. If they are not closely supervised, they set up a tyranny in our nature, a domination of the higher by the lower, a domination not beneficial, but harmful, to the higher.

The design apparent in our nature calls for precisely the reverse situation: the domination of the lower by the higher. Our intelligence and our free will, the faculties of our soul, are meant to rule our physical nature, especially our appetites, just as the ocean liner is meant to be run from the bridge and not from the engine room.

Man, in a word, is not a mere ani-

mal, for an animal lacks a soul. An animal may be said to have attained true animal sublimity when it has a good appetite. A pig ecstatically devouring a bushel of apples is an exquisitely beautiful sight. But it is not nearly so beautiful as the sight of a man declining another piece of apple pie, even though he would much enjoy eating it. His body is, as it is meant to be, subject to his soul. Any other condition is anarchy. Since our appetites, ungoverned, tend to anarchy, particularly in view of sin, they must be disciplined so that the primacy of the soul may be assured. Fast and abstinence are a discipline calculated to serve this very purpose.

Incidentally, almost every book on chastity stresses the fact that control over the appetite for food is a condition of control of the sexual appetite. If one is not a hostage to his stomach, he is likely not to be a helpless victim of his sexual appetite. The man who is the master of his stomach is the man who will be master of his passions.

Another reason for the *I hate Lent!* cry is, "We have to spend half the time in church." "Half the time" is a shameless exaggeration, and there is no "have to" about it. It is true that during Lent there are many more devotions than ordinarily, but one isn't dragged to them as German burghers are to Nazi rallies. For attendance or nonattendance one has to answer to

no authority save his own conscience. And this is precisely the rub. We know that we need these devotions. People may think that they are complaining against the Church, whereas actually they are complaining against their instinctive recognition of their own spiritual inadequacy and their consequent realization that they are making a mistake in not availing themselves of these multiplied means of sanctification.

Lent is a time for getting down to fundamentals, a thing we don't like to do. Lent shakes us up. It is a trumpet summons from opium dreams of what is transient and trifling. Lenten sermons, moreover, are likely to deal with topics which, in our foolish complacency, we find upsetting. It was Mrs. Dineen, I think, who told me that she didn't like Lenten sermons because the preachers were "always talking about death and hell." I make no defense of the Boris Karloff rhetoric with which some preachers make lurid their discourses on these topics. But the use of such rhetoric does not affect the worth of the topic or prove that it should not be treated, any more than shoddy proves the wearer worthless. Death is surely one of the fundamentals of life. Of itself it means little. But as the prelude to the judgment it means everything. Death means the closing of our account with God. Our status for eternity is determined by whether or not that account balances.

As for hell, I suspect that many of us will be eternally grateful (and here the phrase is, for once, used accurately) to some Lenten preacher who, clumsily perhaps, shocked us out of our indifference to that most unpleasant possibility. The discomfiture which we feel during a sermon on hell will be as trifling as the drone of a mosquito is to the drone of a bombing plane, compared with the acute discomfiture of hell itself. The person who thinks that he has known hell on earth in listening to a series of over-vivid sermons on hell will, perhaps, find that he has tragically underestimated the horrors that plague the damned.

I remember a young man's saying to me that he would like to hear "some original Lenten sermons for a change." I wanted to know what he meant by *original*: sermons in praise of the devil or advocating divorce or proposing the elimination of three sacraments? No, he meant that "preachers ought to junk the shopworn trimmings which they hang on their talks." A question of form again, not of substance. When I asked for an example, he said that every last Lenten sermon contains the words, "Watch and pray." It is "Watch and pray" from Ash Wednesday until Easter. He got tired of the refrain.

Now the phrase, "Watch and pray," is a direct quotation from our Lord's precious utterances. It was spoken

when He stood, shaken and lonely, on the threshold of His Passion. I pointed out that, given its source and its associations, we could not hear it too often. I further pointed out that, in his frame of mind, my friend would have found St. John a thoroughly wearisome old man, for that intimate of the Word Incarnate sounded one refrain in all his discourses, "Little children, love one another." I suspect that it wore better than "Heigh-ho," or "Hel-lo, everybody." My friend said that he had no intention of ridiculing the phrase, but that he did wish that preachers would explain it instead of simply reiterating it. "Watch," he said. "Watch what?"

I think that he has a legitimate complaint here. Perhaps the words are not sufficiently explored by some preachers. What is meant, of course, is "Watch *yourself*." That is a thing which few of us do. We have all our acquaintances minutely analyzed. But not ourselves. We simply glance hurriedly at our consciences, now and again; merely note and tabulate our faults. We don't seek out our motives. We don't hunt down the causes of our moral failures. Sin comes from failing to properly see our weaknesses; to remember our past record and to analyze it; to be familiar with, hence to guard against, the circumstances which have previously meant disaster. "Watch" means "Apply the scientific method of search and deduction to self-knowledge." Self-

knowledge is the one door to virtue.

"But why all the special insistence on prayer?" the young man inquired. "After all, the preacher can take it for granted that those good enough to come to Lenten devotions don't neglect their morning and night prayers." As you see, he had an imperfect notion of prayer. Prayer isn't simply a matter of plopping on our knees for a minute or two before breakfast and a minute or two before bed. In the truly representative Catholic (which Lent is intended to make each of us), it is an habitual state of mind. It is something constant, like the heart beating.

The representative Catholic doesn't stop with the formal consecration of the day to God at its beginning. He doesn't say in effect, "Here, God, You have had Your due from me, and that'll be all until near midnight." No, he tries to keep the thought of God in his mind throughout the day, wherever he goes, whatever he does. The thought of God isn't always sharply focused there because, like everyone else, the Catholic has to give close attention to the uncounted details of daily life. But the thought of God should not be like an electric light turned on briefly twice a day and quickly turned off. It should be like a light always burning, even though not constantly watched. It should be as natural to the mind as fragrance is to a garden. This is true prayer, recollection. It is really only another

form of watching; watching not self, but God.

To some it may seem unlikely, but I have met at least one person who disliked Lent because its liturgical color is violet. "Too gloomy," this person said. I cannot understand why anyone should have preferences among the liturgical colors, although I know that some Irishmen are uncommonly fond of green vestments and are bitterly resentful of the fact that they are not used on St. Patrick's Day.

Actually there is nothing gloomy about violet vestments. They are grave, rather than gloomy. They are subdued, conducive to reflection. I know one old priest who used violet vestments as often as he could. When I asked him why, he said, "For two reasons: first, because they put me in mind of the Passion; secondly, because I shall be laid out in them." Neither of these reasons is morbid. The thought of the Passion is not depressing but exhilarating, for it reminds us that our ransom has been paid in full and the means of salvation, coined on the cross, put in our grasp. The thought of death is sobering but, for the true Christian, not saddening.

I was going to say a word or two about abstinence from the movies as a Lenten penance. On second thought, I realize that attendance at the movies may be the most heroic form of flagellation which a reasonably sensitive intelligence could undergo.

The Truth Seeker

By ANTHONY DEMPSEY

Condensed from *Bonaventura**

Seeing God in test tubes

From the east of France Pasteur came to Paris, to the *École Normale* and at the time of his coming he was much the same, save perhaps for his poverty, as were the rest of the students of chemistry. That he was born in Dole in 1822 was of as little importance to the professors as the fact that his father was the village tanner, and that from his tanning he made hardly enough to support his wife and children. At Dole there was much saving and scraping to gather enough to pay for his education; at Paris there was no money to spare, no time for anything but work. So he worked, all day, every day, sometimes throughout the nights.

Mistress Truth (some call her Chance) smiled on him in 1848 for the first time. The young chemist of 26 years told to the scientific world his discovery of the mirror-image, or molecular dissymmetry as it is called, with regard to the varieties of tartaric acid. They applauded him warmly, made him professor in Strasbourg where he met and married Mlle. Marie Laurent. He had made a beginning, and the little world who understood such things echoed the words of the village schoolmaster at Dole, who had foretold for him a great future. Pasteur

went on with his study of the molecules and at times became lost to the world, to his wife, to all save the quest for Truth. Were it not that the happiness of that marriage has passed down into history as having been near perfection, one might well feel pity for the wife who was whirled around France from one place of experiment to another, suffered all that he suffered and yet, since she was no scientist, glad only because he was glad when one experiment or another was successful.

If it was his determination that made Louis Pasteur famous it was the same determination that was responsible for the next 30-odd years of unending work, for storms of abuse and endless worry. Had they not promoted him to Lille as Dean of the Faculty of Sciences then he and Madame Pasteur might have settled down to the quiet life of the University, satisfied with his chemistry. And to what extent humanity would have suffered no man can say.

The alcohol manufacturers in Lille would have gone on losing money and, even more annoying, not knowing why. Sometimes there was more alcohol converted than they could account for, and sometimes there was less, a good deal less. It was Pasteur who

*Church St., Dublin, N.W.8, Ireland. Autumn, 1939.

came to their aid, and to these distillers with their fears of bankruptcy the world owes gratitude, for it was they who allowed Pasteur to search their vats. In the vats he found microbes. Ferments he called them, and the finding of these living organisms not only swelled the pockets of distillers but it urged Pasteur in after years to seek out those organisms whose function is not fermentation but disease and death. So again the Frenchman came before the world, and if his discovery of ferments caused excitement, then his death-dealing blow to the theory of spontaneous generation caused consternation. From Germany came loud derision from the already well-known and established scientist, Liebig. Behind him he had the belief of the times and the weight of opinion of bygone centuries of scientists. That certain lower forms of life could raise from non-living matter was a widely held theory that the skeptics were only too pleased to encourage since for them it did away with the necessity of acknowledging a Creator. That Pasteur should so convincingly banish it for all time was not only a service to science but also to Christianity. Before a specially appointed commission he demonstrated his proofs and the bellowing of the great Liebig was silenced.

At this time he was Director of Scientific Studies at the *École Normale* and was known as a chemist of great

merit. Then he turned to silkworms. In 1865, due to some strange disease, the silk industry in France had lost some 100 million francs. This plague, for it appeared to be such, attacked the cocoons, killing them by the million. Once more Pasteur began to search for his animalcules, the bacteria about which he never ceased to think. Once he thought he had found the cure, but in the next season the havoc was as great as ever. Again and again he segregated the healthy and the sick and peered at them for hours on end until he discovered the parasites which attacked the worms and affected the eggs. And just when he had finished curing the silkworms he himself was struck down with paralysis. But he forced himself back to life, back to work in spite of a stiffened side and a trailing limb. Within two months he was working again, older looking, more lined in feature, his hair whiter, but as dynamic and determined as ever.

In 1871 he ceased looking through his lenses at the microbes, teeming in their millions; for war, the Franco-German war, was declared. He had looked at war through his microscope and cherished the hope that in some way he could give these bacteria to man as a cure against man's diseases and prevent death. But now he saw man killing man, and he threw up his hands in despair at the futility and uselessness of war. The laboratories

were closed, for the man power of France was fighting to check the invasion of the Germans. Against the invasion Pasteur raged, but a crippled man could do but little.

The war over, he went back to the study of fermentation and wrote his work on that subject. He wanted the French beer to excel all others, particularly that of Germany! And then, still thinking about the microbes, he left the yeasts and the silkworms and sought out germs where one would least expect to find them—not only in the hospitals but in the wounds of the patients. He had carried war against infection into the very operating theaters. There was opposition in plenty for he had laid himself open to it, this chemist whom the surgeons told to go back to his acid bottles and test tubes. And again, attack is so easy and defense so difficult. More and more and yet more work, until he was to perform that spectacular experiment in the Jura mountains when he injected anthrax into a cow and showed how the animal could be made immune. That was the beginning. At Pouilly-le-Fort, before the Agricultural Society of Melun, he injected 24 sheep with anthrax bacilli, using a minute amount of the deadly germ. Twelve days later they were injected again with a larger amount, and later still a dose sufficient to kill a normal sheep was injected, and still the two dozen animals lived. Finally, the sheep were injected for

the last time. Twenty-four other sheep were given the same dose and all of these promptly died. The vaccinated ones remained perfectly healthy. The Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honor was but one of the honors that he received. Then he went back to work and the world waited for another miracle-like discovery.

He was 58 when he was sent two mad dogs, and in the same year a doctor showed him a case of hydrophobia. He took specimens of saliva, began working, discovered a new disease *en route*, collected more mad dogs, injected madness, he hoped, into sane animals, trepanned, immunized, did much the same to dogs as he had done to the sheep—and came on the cure. And in July, 1885, a boy, Joseph Meister of Alsace, was bitten by a mad dog. Pasteur hesitated, remembering the case he had been shown, and then injected the virus, more and more of it each day—and the boy got better. Nineteen Russians were brought to him some three weeks after a mad wolf had attacked them, and all but three were saved. A year before none of them would have survived. The cries and shouts of applause went beyond Paris and France until the name of France's scientist was a household word in Europe. They cheered him, they gave him the *Institut Pasteur*, and forgot that he had once been forced to scrape together money for a laboratory to work in. Time was when they

had not listened to him, when they had shouted him down, but on the occasion of his 70th birthday emotion prevented him from thanking the huge crowds that came to do him honor. He handed his son the speech he had prepared. "Whether our endeavors are more or less favored by the circumstances of our life, on approaching the great end, we must have the right to say to ourselves, 'I have done what I was able.'"

He went to his country house near Paris and through the spring and summer he rested quietly. With Madame Pasteur, she who always had that infinite capacity for understanding him, he waited for the end to come. Dole, his early struggles, Paris and its poverty, Strasbourg and his marriage, Lille and its yeasts, the silkworms, his

assistant, Roux, holding open the dog's jaws so that he might suck some of the saliva into the small glass tube. All these things he remembered as the summer passed. He was old and perhaps he was glad to rest a little. And Mistress Truth was kind in those last days. Late in September, 1895, he died at 73, and of all that he had done two things remain pre-eminent. He had proved that life comes from life and had thus established the necessity of belief in a First Cause. Pasteur called Him God and served Him faithfully as he had served science, living and dying as a Catholic and with a faith that he compared to that of a simple Breton woman. And he had proved what so many deny, that science and religion can go hand in hand, one being the complement of the other.



Sanctuary

A cathedral wall was literally torn down in Nottingham, England, to provide quarters for a legless beggar. Gilbert Brown for many years occupied an alcove in the wall of St. Barnabas Cathedral, selling matches. Thirty or more years ago Brown took up a "pitch" on the Derby Road across from the Cathedral but when complaints were made that he was obstructing pedestrian traffic he crossed the street. His removal was again attempted, and he appealed to Bishop Dunn, who decided that if Brown was forbidden to sit in the shadow of the wall, then he must sit in the wall itself. So sanction was given for the reconstruction of the stonework to house the cripple. Not a Catholic at the time Bishop Dunn made this special accommodation for him, Brown was finally received into the Church, and when he died in December, 1939, he was given a funeral in the cathedral which had sheltered him so long.

The [London] *Catholic Herald* (22 Dec. '39).

Nuns With the Mohammedans

With charity they win them

By GERTRUDE GAFFNEY

Condensed from *Good Counsel**

I was walking through the slums of a foreign city with a Little Sister of the Assumption. This Sister was a young, highly-educated American, speaking fluently the French of the motherhouse of the Order in Paris, and the language of the country in which we were. And there she was, in her unobtrusive habit, going in and out of wretched shacks on the fringe of this great city, inhabited by people on the verge of starvation, bandaging sores, poulticing, administering injections, examining and prescribing for sick and delicate babies, producing invalid and baby foods and little treats out of her capacious pockets and satchel. How she managed to secrete all those stores about her and still continue to look slim amazed me beyond expression.

This was but a round of visits to make sure that all was well. When serious illness occurs in some one or two-roomed home, throwing it into panic and confusion, then the Little Sister comes to stay and restore faith and confidence. If the case is serious enough to require night nursing, another Little Sister takes up duty for the night. If it is the mother who is ill, the Sister cooks, cleans and cares for the family as well as nursing the

sick person, washing, dressing and sending the children off to school, and preparing the dinner.

As we passed through the narrow alleys the children would crowd around the Sister to kiss the crucifix on her beads and pull her habit. It was a right royal progress in which I shared.

Such is the life of the Little Sisters in the great Continental cities and in America, but now they have gone farther afield, and in two crowded Arab towns of North Africa they are ministering to the Moslem poor, inspiring the same confidence and gratitude as in the poor quarters of the cities of the West.

This is a remarkable achievement, for the gulf between Moslem and Christian women in North Africa is so great that it is scarcely ever bridged except occasionally among the rich. The Arab women live completely apart from the European element, in native towns that do not blend into the European quarters, but abruptly border them.

The Arab men engage in business, serve in the civil service and work as hotel employees and laborers in the modern European quarter. When their working day is ended, they leave the tree-lined boulevards and the tram

* *St. John's Priory, John's Lane, Dublin, Ireland. January-March, 1940.*

lines to be swallowed up in the maze of narrow alley-like streets of squat white mosques that form the Arab town.

The men may come and go, but the vast majority of the women never leave the Arab town, and live in strict *pardah*, never seen unveiled by any male eyes save those of the men of their immediate family. When shopping, visiting or going to the communal bath (their religion enjoins personal cleanliness) they are covered from head to foot, enshrouded in a white cotton sheet-like robe, their faces covered by a mask of black silk with slits cut for the eyes. The only portions of these white shrouded figures that show life as they pass through the crowded streets are the eyes in those black masks and the moving feet, sometimes shod in Western shoes, sometimes with the native slippers, sole-shaped slabs of wood with heels that are kept on the feet by a strap across the base of the toes.

Most of the adults are illiterate, though the children are now beginning to go to school. For a little band of Christian women, and nuns at that, to take up their abode in the midst of them in order to help them, was to these *pardah* women something extraordinary. To discover that the strange newcomers addressed them in their own language helped to bridge the gulf between East and West, and it was this that eventually gained the

Little Sisters an entree into homes where never before had a European penetrated.

It was the French superior, sent to open the Tunis house of the Order, who achieved this conquest. A remarkable woman in many ways, she set herself to learn Arabic like a native, and succeeded. Unique is her progress through the Arab town, where opulent owners of Souks, befezzed and beturbaned giants striding through the streets, and humble porters respectfully greet her, and perhaps stop for a talk in their own language. In all other cases the Arab man does not consider a woman who goes abroad showing her face to the world quite the thing, and indicates this by ignoring her. But the Arabs know that the superior's mission is one of charity and of divine inspiration, and therefore she and her Little Sisters are apart from other European women in their eyes.

Moslem women may not consult a man doctor. Since women doctors are rare, they are sorely in need of the skilled attention that the Sisters can provide for them and their children. Shut up in *pardah*, remote from modern life and ways, they have practically no knowledge of hygiene or sick nursing, and many an Arab woman and child would have died but for the knowledge the Little Sisters have brought into their seclusion. The result is that the Arabs who have come to know them, love and respect them.

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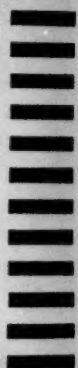
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THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

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ST. PAUL, MINN.



I witnessed a demonstration of the natives' faith in the power of the Sisters to aid them. Walking through the narrow streets of the Arab town of Sfax, a Little Sister and I noticed a ragged, much-tattooed Bedouin woman carrying a baby; she was obviously in great distress. The Sister stopped to inquire if anything was the matter. The woman tearfully explained that her husband was ill in the hospital; now the baby was sick, she had no one to help her and did not know what to do.

An Arab man was passing. Overhearing the conversation, he came over and said to the woman, "You need not be afraid of her; you must have confidence in her and do whatever she tells you. She is a good woman and will help you and will not ask for money." A higher compliment could not have been paid than to be thus recommended by an Arab to a woman of his people.

The knowledge that the Sisters carry out their charitable work solely for the love of God has deeply impressed those Arabs whom the Sisters have reached. It was not an easy matter to make these first contacts, as the Arab poor are suspicious of European advances, and of all Western ways and ideas.

It has been a slow business, accomplished only through tedious study of their difficult language, and carefully built-up contacts with children playing

in the street that eventually progressed to acquaintance with their mothers if the children fell ill, or gave news of an illness in the family. Slowly but steadily the work has been consolidated until now the Sisters are in a position to carry out the mission of their Order, if only they had enough nuns to cope with the work.

The Tunis Moslems do not yet show any signs of turning to Catholicism, but this nun who speaks Arabic so well says that they are intensely religious, and no topic of conversation appeals to them more than the goodness of God. The Arab women and girls, too, are never tired of hearing from her about our Lady. They have a wonderful feeling for religion, this Little Sister relates, and a complete submission to the Divine Will. To them all joys and sorrows are the will of God and as such they accept them without question. That the nuns are able to contact them on spiritual matters, the North African superior finds ample encouragement for the present. For the rest, the mission of the Little Sisters is the same in North Africa as it is elsewhere. They consider themselves well repaid for their unremitting work and uphill struggle by the friendships cemented with the Arab families they have helped. They have courteous ways, charming manners, and are essentially refined, these Arab poor.

Now that they are established among the town Arabs they are on the way

to making contact with the Bedouin Arabs of the country and the desert, and with the nomad families who live in tents and are in even greater need of assistance than the poor of the towns.

In the heat of summer, when the hot sun and sand blowing in from the desert make life very trying, the Little Sisters shed their black robes and go clad in white. Otherwise the work

goes on as usual, despite the climatic discomforts, in the modest convent dwellings where veiled women and children are always knocking at the door. In the streets and Souks through which the Sisters thread their way to the homes of the poor, they are surrounded by the wonderful riot of Oriental form and color and dress that characterizes the teeming native life of French North Africa.



Street Prayer

In Wilno (Vilna) Poles of every class kneel in the street to pray before the picture of our Lady in the chapel above the gateway of the city. This picture, the Ostrabramska Mother of God, is like a Russian icon, encased in silver, and only the face and hands of the blackened painting beneath are seen. Majesty is shown by the silver crown and humility in the inclination of the head.

I saw it for the first time early one morning. The cab in which I rode went up a steep hill to a high gateway. As we passed through, I noticed that the cabman took off his hat and I heard singing which seemed to come from a chamber above the gateway. On the pavement at either side of the narrow street beyond people were kneeling. I turned and saw, through the wide-open windows of a chapel above the gate, the silvered picture of our Lady and a priest before the altar. Twice a day the street was turned into a church and at any hour worshippers might be seen kneeling before the shrine. No man in Wilno would think of walking between the gateway and the little Church of St. Theresa at the end of the street except bareheaded.

An old Polish lady once told me a tale of the shrine in the days of oppressive Russian rule. "The Russians had taken from a Polish church an icon of Christ, which was greatly venerated by the people," she said. "To a cabman who was driving me through Wilno I said, 'The next thing they will do is to take away the Ostrabramska Mother of God.' He turned around and said earnestly, 'No, lady, that they will never do.' I asked him what made him so certain. 'But do you not know, lady,' he said, 'Our Lord allowed men to crucify Him, but He never let them touch His Mother.'"

Rothay Reynolds in *Pax* (Gloucester, England) Winter, 1939.

Strike-Out for Crime

Boxing-glove apostolate

By ARCH WARD

Condensed from *Youth**

In the hectic years after the last World War, crime in Chicago began to take its toll of the city's youth, with the result that scores of young men found themselves within the grey walls of the old Cook County jail on Chicago's near north side. A majority were transferred to penitentiaries and reformatories. A minority, which really dwarfed the larger group sent to prison, never left the building alive. Their last stops were death row and the gallows. Many of these boys were Catholics.

An eyewitness to the imprisonment of many of these young men, the meting out of capital punishment to others, was the Cook County jail chaplain of those post-war years, a young priest then stationed at near-by Holy Name Cathedral. He was Father Bernard J. Sheil.

The fate of these unfortunate youths and the reason for it soon became the dominant problem in Father Sheil's mind, and he wrestled with it constantly. He finally concluded that there are no born criminals. He became convinced that boys and young men acquire criminal tendencies as a result of suppression of their natural wants and desires.

How combat a situation which was

natural enough in a city of more than 3 million? As a boy, Father Sheil was known as Benny Sheil in old St. Columbkille's parish on the west side of Chicago. More important, he was also known as one of the most active athletes in the neighborhood. His liking for sports was realized in a great career at St. Viator's College in Bourbonnais, Ill. The climax of that career was his pitching of a no-hit game against Illinois, then champion of the Western Conference—and losing it, 1 to 0, on a high throw from the outfield over the catcher's head!

But this new game was not Benny Sheil against Illinois. It required swifter pitching, and young Father Sheil knew it all too well. The most logical campaign, to a man whose own boyhood and youth had been spent in normal, healthy activity, was a recreational program which would interest not only the "good boys," but also those who might go "bad." That idea remained in Father Sheil's mind through the next ten years while he progressed through a number of important posts in the Chicago archdiocese, ultimately becoming bishop. In the spring of 1930, he finally went to the pitcher's box against his old foe, determined to use the same delivery

**Supplement to Our Sunday Visitor, Huntington, Ind. Jan. 21, 1940.*

he had formulated in his mind during the early '20's. The box score would indicate that he has pitched another no-hit game, and if there be any errors, they are not included in the official book.

That original thought of Bishop Sheil has matured to the stature of one of the most remarkable organizations in modern life, the Catholic Youth Organization. The C. Y. O. in Chicago has been an inspiration for similar programs in 65 other dioceses.

Athletics naturally provide the key-stone of the bishop's original plan, but so wide has the scope of the C. Y. O. become since its official foundation on Oct. 17, 1930, that 25 other distinct activities, apart from sports, are now included in its full-time program. Last year, for instance, 102,272 Chicago boys and girls were actively engaged in the C. Y. O. program, and 150,000 others throughout the city and suburbs were directly influenced by the organization. Today, 1,500 boys take part in a year's boxing program, culminating in the annual C. Y. O. bouts in December. This year they attracted 14,000 spectators to the Chicago stadium for their final bouts. In past years, the champions have competed in intersectional bouts with Pacific coast teams, in international battles against Ireland and South America, and this year's 16 winners earned a trip to Florida. The little basketball league of 1930 has flourished to such an extent that now

8,500 boys and girls, representing nearly 200 Chicago parishes, compete against each other in this sport.

Although all sports are represented in the C. Y. O. program, boxing probably lies closest to the kernel of Bishop Sheil's motivating idea in founding the organization. To the stranger, C. Y. O. boxing is a series of eliminations, with the championship finals as their objective. To Bishop Sheil and his assistants, the real goal in their conduct of boxing transcends the final bouts in the stadium ring. Their aim is to encourage and develop the self-reliance with which every American boy should be equipped.

Probably the most unusual phase of the C. Y. O. boxing program is shown in the Saturday morning classes for smaller boys which Paddy Kane, coach of C. Y. O. boxers, originated. Let's take a couple of cases revealed in the records of this fistic kindergarten. Tony, a healthy young Latin-American of eight, may be getting slightly beyond the parental regime. He's inclined to bully younger lads. His parents, while realizing that all of this activity may be quite normal, feel that it must be controlled. Then we have the case of Eddie, a healthy enough young American of Tony's age. Maybe he is one of the boys Tony has been pushing around. Eddie's parents are as disturbed as Tony's, but for a different reason. Eddie hasn't quite gotten around to learning how to fight his

own battles, and is prone to run home when he's challenged.

Both sets of parents are told of the junior classes at the C. Y. O. center, and so, one Saturday morning, we find Tony and Eddie in the gymnasium of the C. Y. O. Center in Chicago's Loop. Tony is eager to put on the gloves immediately and start swinging. Timid Eddie is bewildered, but not for long. Paddy Kane or one of his assistants, having seen hundreds of Eddies, handle him a bit more gently than Tony. He is given a gradual program of calisthenics and work on the gymnasium apparatus. So is Tony, for that young tiger is not allowed to hop into the ring on his first visit.

A few Saturdays later, Eddie and Tony are taken into the ring and taught footwork and jabbing, without gloves. These finally are donned a few classes later, and it is seldom a surprise to Kane and his staff to see a once backward Eddie knock the stuffings out of a once domineering Tony. In any event, the C. Y. O. has succeeded in teaching the boys a lesson. Eddie knows how to take care of himself and Tony has been impressed with the realization that supervised boxing can be more fun than impromptu fisticuffs.

To the 1,500 boys who follow boxing throughout a year's program and the 8,500 boys and girls who engage in basketball, the following sports and their annual active enrollments can be added: softball and baseball, 6,500; vol-

ley ball, 235; golf, 250; ice skating, 300; cross country running, 100; cycling, 200; track and field, 300; swimming, 150; tennis, 300; table tennis, 200; ice hockey, 50.

Out of the C. Y. O. boxing ranks have come such nationally known names as Leo Rodak, Frank Kainrath, Max Marek, Johnny Brown, Andy Scrivani and Jimmy Christy. Leo Freisinger, a member of the U. S. Olympic team, is a C. Y. O. skating champion, and Six-Day-Bike-Racer Charley Yacino made his debut on C. Y. O. wheels. A regular competitor in C. Y. O. golf is Tom Sheehan, captain of the 1939 Notre Dame foursome and record-breaking medalist in this year's national amateur tournament. Jack Elder, former Notre Dame star, is the C. Y. O. athletic director.

This, then, is the record of the Catholic Youth Organization's athletic program. However, it is only one portion of the true purpose of Bishop Sheil and his assistants, and a relatively small one. Furthermore, this is not to imply that the C. Y. O. is a "movement." Only last year, at the first annual national meeting of C. Y. O. leaders in Chicago, Bishop Sheil expressly repudiated the name "movement," declaring instead that the C. Y. O. be defined either as an organization or a means of Catholic Action.

Sports, which are embraced in the recreational department of the C. Y. O., are only one-fourth of the entire

program, the others being religion, education and social service. The C. Y. O. conducts its own school and also operates the Lewis Holy Name School of Aeronautics* at Lockport, Ill., one of the finest technical institutions for young men in the U. S. In addition to these, scholarships to Catholic universities and colleges are awarded to deserving members.

Close as the crime problem was to the bishop's heart through the ten years which passed before his idea became a reality, it naturally was one of the first he tackled, and today the real high point in the work of the C. Y. O. is a feature all too often overlooked. This is the C. Y. O. hotels, on Chicago's south side. Ostensibly, these are restricted to homeless boys, but included among the residents are a number of parolees from penitentiaries and reformatories. These boys are not only given food and shelter, but also are given jobs, and in many instances are set up in small businesses for them-

*See CATHOLIC DIGEST, Feb. 1940, p. 51.

selves. More important, they are equipped to face the world as normal American citizens.

This rehabilitation of parolees under the C. Y. O. supervision would be an effective measure in itself in steering boys to the right highway, but the C. Y. O. has not stopped there. They have organized the Big Brothers, a band of men who take turns attending cases in the Boys' and Juvenile Courts. Their interest centers on first offenders, whom they take in charge with the court's approval. When these lads make application for jobs, they are frequently asked if they have criminal records. Through the work of the Big Brothers, they can truthfully say that they have not.

So is the circle completed. Benny Sheil, the young St. Viator pitcher, has won his biggest game. Father Sheil, the jail chaplain who had an idea, has seen it become a widespread organization which will continue to dispense practical, human benefits to all who come under its wing.



Beginnings . . . X . . .

NEBRASKA

First priest (known with certainty): Fray Juan Minguéz, O.F.M., in 1720.

First known Mass: By Father De Smet on the Great Council Plain, Scott's Bluff County, Sept. 14, 1851.

First recorded Baptisms: Eight by Father Christian Hoecken, S.J., at Bellevue, June 4, 1846.

Gilbert J. Garraghan, in *Mid-America* (April '39).

The Liturgical Rainbow

Things of beauty lead to God

By CONRAD SHELDON, O.M.C.

Condensed from the *Companion**

There are those who would accuse the Church of too much pageantry, too great an appeal to the senses rather than to the spirit. Such people take a short-sighted view of the nature of religious worship. A logical consideration of the makeup of man serves only to vindicate the practice of the Church. The whole man must worship God. Not only the soul but also the body must be pressed into service. In this way alone will there be assurance of adoration in all the fullness and beauty of which man is capable. Important in the functioning of the intellect and will, man's highest faculties, are his lower powers of sense. Consequently, sense images are true media of a complete worship. It is for this reason that the Church uses such a variety of colors in her liturgy to teach her children and arouse in them sentiments of love and devotion befitting a creature of God.

This is not peculiar to the Church. Centuries before Christianity began, God Himself had prescribed the colors to be used in the religious services of the Chosen People. The varied colors of the tents, tabernacle, and sacred vestments of priests and levites were determined with a precision that admitted of no exception. The violet and

purple and scarlet twice dyed, the fine twisted linen, the gold and silver of the altar, all were intended to bring about an understanding of the beauty of God as reflected in the beauty of these things of His creation. Inspired by this example, Christianity has used color for the same purpose. Through this medium the Church wishes to manifest an expression of the sentiment which she feels and wishes to arouse in the hearts of those who attend her sacred functions.

The most colorful part of the Church's liturgy are the sacred vestments worn by her ministers at the altar. The list of definite colors to express certain moods and feelings has come about through a gradual development. In the early days of the Church the vestments were the ordinary clothes of the people of those times. Later on, in recognition of the sacredness of the functions during which they were used, special sets of clothing were reserved for this purpose alone. The faithful began to adorn them with precious jewels and fine embroidery and the cloth varied in color according to the solemnity of the occasion. However, it does seem that on most solemn feasts the best vestments were used regardless of their color. The use of

*Mount St. Francis, Ind. January, 1940.

different colors progressed until in the 13th century there came into general use four colors, white, red, green and black, and occasionally violet. Even blue and yellow were used frequently at one period but their use today without special permission is forbidden.

In the Roman rite there are five official colors: green, white, red, black and violet. The articles affected by this legislation are the altar frontal, tabernacle veil, cover for the missal stand, maniple, stole, chasuble, chalice veil and burse, cope and dalmatics. In the Oriental or Eastern rites we find no such definite ruling as to the colors in the liturgy. Although the Greeks have specified colors, there is still quite a bit of latitude allowed in their use. This variety of colors arises from the different moods and feelings of soul and body which the Church wishes to portray.

Green is the color of life in the plant kingdom and has been taken to symbolize that life we all hope to attain in the world beyond. Christ Himself pointed out the tender shoot of green that appears in the spring as the sign that should urge us on and give hope for the things that are to come. The immortality of soul and incorruptibility of the bodies of the elect have often been expressed by the cypress tree whose foliage is ever green and whose wood is everlasting. Green vestments are required for use on all Sundays after Epiphany until Septuagesima,

from the third Sunday after Easter until Advent, and on weekdays during these seasons when no other color has been ordered.

White is the perfect color, the symbol of light and purity of heart. It expresses the joy and happiness which the Church and all the faithful feel on occasions when this color is used. White is the color of feasts of our Lord, of the blessed Virgin, the angels, and of all saints who were not martyrs. It is also prescribed for the Mass at the dedication of a church or episcopal consecration and in those liturgical functions intended to express the grace and sanctification of soul we receive through Christ.

Because of its close association with fire and warmth, red is considered the symbol of ardent and active love. It is used on Pentecost, the feast of the Holy Spirit who is the personification of the divine, perfect love. It is likewise ordered for the feasts of the martyrs whose death gave tangible proof of the burning love that consumed them. It was the custom of early Christians to wrap the remains of martyrs in precious cloths for safe keeping and Pope St. Eutychianus issued a decree that forbade any wrappings other than those of a red color, symbolic of the blood they shed for Christ. We find red vestments also used on feasts instituted to honor the sufferings and instruments of our Lord's bloody passion and death.

By reason of its utter lack of life, black has always been the symbol of death and deepest sorrow. Black is the color of the vestments on Good Friday at the Mass of the Presanctified and at all services for those who have died after attaining the age of reason. There was an ancient practice, still used by the Greek Church, of using red for funeral services. By this they undoubtedly wished to express the fact that all sorrow has its foundation in love since we cannot feel sorrow for those we do not love. It was the reason for, rather than the actual sorrow, which they wished to express.

Between red and black stands violet, symbolic of penance. In denying ourselves and performing acts of penance we show our love for God and sorrow for the sins we have committed. We thus combine the red of love and the black of sorrow. Consequently violet is the official color of the penitential seasons of Lent and Advent, the Ember days, except those after Pentecost, of vigils of great feasts and of the Rogation days. Certain sacraments, Penance, Extreme Unction and Baptism, are administered with the priest wearing a violet stole.

There are still other colors permitted on certain occasions. Gold is the expression of joy and cheer and vestments made from cloth of gold threads may be used in place of white, red or green. Because the symbolism of gold would conflict with that of black and

violet, gold vestments are not allowed to substitute for these two colors. Rose-colored vestments may be used on two Sundays in the year, the 3rd Sunday of Advent, called *Gaudete*, and the 4th Sunday of Lent, called *Laetare*. On these two days the Church relaxes the rigor of her penitential spirit to instill a note of joy at the thought of the glorious feasts which are shortly to follow. Rose is a less severe shade of violet and its use is symbolic of the freedom of spirit that pervades the wording of the Mass and divine Office of the day. In case there are no vestments of this color on hand, violet is to be used as usual. In Spain, sky blue vestments are permitted on feasts of the Mother of God because blue is considered to be the color of her choice. Everyone will recall that on the occasion of her apparitions at Lourdes the color of her gown was sky blue.

Holy Mother Church has profited well from her many years of experience in forming the hearts and minds of those who look to her for guidance. Each phase of activity which she has outlined possesses a depth of meaning and wealth of beauty born of centuries of such work. The workings of human nature are no secret to this wisest of mothers. She knows the longings of a nature never satisfied with mere earth and all that it contains. All things of beauty are things of God and lead to God. And what is more beautiful than color?

But Officer!

By MARGARET FISHBACK

Condensed from *Woman's Day**

Blood on the pavements

Good manners aren't a matter of life or death anywhere except on the road. You'll live just as long, and hurt nobody (not even yourself) if you neglect to leave cards when calling, or forget to wear gloves to church. True, unaffected etiquette means consideration for others, rather than knowing the "proper" way to introduce a gentleman to a lady.

The bad manners people *don't* forget are those that cause automobile tragedies. Good form on the road really means something. So don't forget to dim your headlights when approaching another car at night. If you dim first, the other driver is likely to behave, too.

You may own a dinner coat *and* tails, but you're no gentleman if you crowd the car ahead of you off the road. And you're no lady when you sneak into a parking place at a congested curb the minute a car pulls out if another has been patiently waiting and warping and jockeying about in the outside lane to get in. No matter what social register harbors your name, or how much you spent on your daughter's coming-out party, you're 100% tramp when you're inconsiderate of the comfort and safety of others.

What is it about a flawless boulevard

and a high-powered car that brings the worst in all of us snaking nastily to the top, like seaweed at low tide? Perhaps we are Timid Souls at home or in our offices, and the accelerator satisfies our hunger to be Big Shots. Then comes the wail of the siren on the traffic cop's motorcycle (if we're lucky enough to be pinched before we do any damage) and we are cringing earthworms in the wink of a gnat's eyelash. We may snivel and lie a little too, with "But, Officer, I was only going 25 miles an hour." This is not only lacking in refinement, it's foolhardy. Only a nitwit argues with the Law.

But there it is. We lose our grip on common sense, and kindness, which is all etiquette really means, when we let that deadly eight-cylinder lust for power run away with us. Men and women who are blood brothers and sisters of the ceremonious Alphonse and Gaston become louts and vandals when they cease to bear in mind the fact that good manners are far more important behind a steering wheel than a service plate.

Not that there is any need to be an affected sissy either, when out for a spin sponsored by General Motors. I, for one, maintain Margery Wilson goes a mincing step too far in her *New Eti-*

*19 W. 44th St., New York City. January, 1940.

quette when she intones, "A straight spine and well-poised head are as important when a woman is seated in her car as when she is in a box at the opera. She will usually occupy the right-hand back seat of a chauffeur-driven vehicle. This position she relinquishes only to a very distinguished guest. A woman is a hostess when she has guests in her car and will be scrupulously considerate of their comfort in seating and in such matters as surreptitious drafts."

Now most of us won't have to worry very often about our spines and well-poised heads in boxes at the opera, not to mention chauffeur-driven vehicles, much as we might like to throw our weight around in either. Nor are "surreptitious drafts" a matter of deep concern. The considerate driver would naturally shut the windows if the passengers were cold. As for *surreptitious* drafts, they are a problem for the skilled mechanic. But Miss Wilson *does* get my vote when she says a driver must be "scrupulously considerate" of her passengers' comfort.

And your passengers won't be comfortable if you:

1. Go 80 miles an hour just because your car has rabbit blood in its veins, and the night is dark.

2. Drive like a snail, and cling to the middle of the road, so that no one can pass you, except illegally, on the gutter side.

3. Try to beat every red light by

taking sudden ill-considered spurts.

4. Jump ahead jerkily at the turn of a light, and slaughter pedestrians caught midstream.

5. Toot impatiently when the driver in front is slow on the pickup.

6. Honk your horn or play your radio late at night or early in the morning beneath the windows of innocent sleepers.

7. Slip out of line, weaving and bobbing in and out, to gain at most a few feet in heavy traffic (and very likely a heavy fine to boot) in the hope of out-smarting the law-abiders, even at the expense of a fender or two.

8. Leap from your car the minute you nick someone or someone nicks you, and indulge in harsh words, such as "You lunk, where do you think you're going with that crate?" Or, "Why aren't you home in a rocking chair on the porch, swatting flies?"

9. Argue with a traffic officer, who has criticized your performance and judgment. (When he asks to see your license, argument is out of place. *He's* in the driver's seat.)

10. Forget that alcohol, cigarettes, the radio, light conversation and calf love are potentially dangerous traveling companions.

11. Refuse to admit anything is your fault. Nothing is so disarming as to tell the man whose bumper you grazed that you're sorry, but a bee stung you. Or if *he* grazed *you*, to baffle him by saying, "That's what bumpers are

made for." Naturally, in a serious accident which *isn't* your fault it would be stupid to take the blame in old-southern-gentleman style, and you wouldn't be popular with your insurance company, either. But there's no point in being savage over a simple case of locked bumpers, and your companions will admire you and be a lot more comfortable if you keep the old shirt on in those minor crises.

Point 12 to remember if you want to appear a thoroughbred is that you shouldn't try to teach anyone to drive unless you're a professional, or have the patience of Job.

The 13th and most important thing to bear in mind if you are courteous enough to want to keep your passengers and fellow motorists safe and happy, is the fact that you should never trust

the other fellow. You may be a grade-A driver—if you have the road to yourself. *He* may be the village idiot. Or drunk. Or a beginner, without even a learner's permit. Or old. Or nervous. Or nearsighted. Or farsighted. Or blinded by the headlights *you* neglected to soft-pedal. Or a nature lover with his mind on the landscape instead of the road. Or he may put out his hand to signal that he is turning left, then change his mind. Or he may misunderstand the signals of the man ahead.

In short, Man the Unknown, may or may not be either skillful or considerate, so you must be courteous enough to insure his safety as well as yours, and your own passengers', even though you have a car full of back-seat drivers, who need a whole course in etiquette all to themselves.



The Irish

"Well, I didn't intend to get excited over the Patrick's Day, but somehow or other ivry time it comes ar-round I feel like goin' up on th' roof an' singin' *O'Donnell Abou* so all may hear. I don't know why."

"Maybe," said Mr. Hennessy, "'tis because ye're Irish."

"I hadn't thought iv that," said Mr. Dooley. "P'raps ye're right. It's something I niver have been able to get over. Be this time it's become an incur'ble habit. Annyhow 'tis a good thing to be an Irishman because people think that all an Irishman does is to laugh without a reason an' fight without an objick. But ye an' I, Hinnissy, know these things ar're on'y our diversions. It's a good thing to have people size ye up wrong, whin they're got ye'er measure ye're in danger."

"Sometimes I think we boast too much," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "it's on'y on Patrick's Day we can hire others to blow our horns f'r us."

From Mr. Dooley at His Best by Finley Peter Dunne (Scribners, 1938).

The Yardstick of the Faith

They aren't merry any more

By THOMAS A. FOX, C.S.P.

Condensed from the *Ecclesiastical Review**

Merriment has gone out of modern life; and you can almost lay your finger on the exact moments in history when it did so. In Abbé Constant's treatment of the English Reformation there is a moment when you are suddenly seized with the feeling that England won't be merrie any more. It is that moment when the monasteries, the God-sent buffers between the grasping nobles and the commons, have been gutted of their possessions. And despite the ribaldry of Elizabeth's court, you can still feel the great change which has come over the commons, a gloom as heavy as the fog. Pauperism has displaced the Papacy. This new mood of the nation requires a voice, but it will not have long to wait. The future is big with pessimism, and in due time will bear a Hobbes, Spencer, Hume, Russell, and all the sad young Huxleys. Soames Forsyte will spring from the brain of genius to embody the industrial soul of England. A people's merriment vanishes with its Faith.

Protestantism laid a heavy enough tax on human happiness, heaven knows, but the ensuing materialism has just about taxed it out of existence. The leading Broadway playwrights of the last decade or so, O'Neill, Barry,

Sherwood, Odets, have all courted a very melancholy muse. When *The Cradle Song* demurely ventured onto Broadway, the town rather fancied it, probably as a relief from the acrid pessimism of its customary fare; and a young Jewess was heard to remark at one of the performances that it was her fifth time seeing the play, because it "took her into a different world." It certainly did, into the joyous world of a cloistered convent, where persons dwell who are indeed ready to laugh at the drop of a hat—as anyone knows, who has ever stood at the turnstile of a Poor Clare convent and heard the easy rippling laughter of the portress. Thomas More could crack a joke while mounting the scaffold because he beheld in those rickety stairs a *scala sancta* leading to eternal happiness.

Those who write about social reconstruction assume that a country which clings to an "outmoded" religion will hardly be found in the vanguard of "progress." Their attention is all centered on Denmark, Sweden, and of course darling "ducky-wucky" Russia. We Catholics, however, have our own standard by which to assess any program for social betterment, we have the yardstick of the faith, and it might be interesting to apply it to those

*1722 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. January, 1940.

grandiose theories so fondly coddled by the feature writers. If we do nothing else, we shall give them a lesson in academic courtesy, for of course they would never think to take a peek into Ireland or into Salazar's Portugal. These countries are more or less influenced by the Catholic Church, and though she once did a mighty fine job of building a civilization practically from scratch, she cannot now be trusted to mend the civilization which she herself produced! We are concerned to find out not whether the theorists' programs can produce prosperity but whether they are conducive to happiness.

The first crow we have to pick with them is over their total disregard of the supernatural. They look for happiness on a purely natural level. But man was not created on a purely natural level: he was endowed from the first with the capacity for supernatural enjoyment and given a supernatural destiny. ABC stuff? Of course: but the scribblers we can so avidly haven't even heard of it. If our creed means anything, it means that man's proper habitat is the supernatural. Of course the supernatural doesn't supersede nature, just as the vine does not supersede its branches; but union with the vine is the *sine qua non* of fruitful living for the branches, and union of nature with grace is the *sine qua non* of human welfare.

The Greek philosophers left no stone

unturned in their effort to find happiness for the race, but notwithstanding the genius of Attic thought, they failed. They strove, as they had to, on the plane of nature, with premises supplied by human reason, and on that plane they could not solve the riddle of man's distress. And surely we don't expect the glorified ward leaders who pass for statesmen these days to succeed where the philosophers failed? Why, do you suppose, was Daladier, after having introduced before the Deputies his bills to check the plummeting birth rate, heard to mutter as he came down from the rostrum, "This is a job for the Church"? Well said, indeed: try to argue with a contraceptionist on natural grounds!

It was bad enough for the manifesto makers to snub the Deity; but they hopelessly bankrupted social thought by snubbing the soul. To ignore the spiritual order is to reduce man to the level of the brute. Brute welfare consists in the satisfaction of hunger and the mating urge; to hear some of our sociologists today, you would imagine that this is all that's needed for mankind. If man were merely flesh, happiness would be no problem for him, since the flesh is easily satisfied, as any drunkard can testify. Man is spirit as well as flesh, indeed more spirit than flesh, "a little less than the angels"; and the imperious urgings of the spirit can make themselves heard above the clamor of the flesh.

The crass economist and godless sociologist think, with their planned economy and regimentation, to produce an earthly beatitude; but if they would only lay aside now and then their charts and graphs and take up a book of poetry or listen to the wistful strains of folk music, they might stumble on a real understanding of the creature for whom they are so solicitous. They might at length ask themselves why it is that most poetry is a lament, why the celebrated arias of opera are mostly plaintive, why in great symphonic music the *adagio* and *andante* occur thrice as often as the *allegro*. These works have not emanated from "the underprivileged third." They are not the cries of a wounded beast, nor the expression of material privation and hunger. They are often the utterances of men on whom fortune had smiled, whom society had lionized and whose path through life had been smoothed by success.

One of the saddest things today is to see so much earnestness about the social problem going wantonly to waste, simply because a vicious premise precludes a sound conclusion. Karl Marx was simply an unsuccessful detective. He clearly saw, as who shouldn't, that there was something grievously amiss in the social life of mankind and appointed himself investigator. He set out to solve the crime and get the culprits. His task

was to clear up the evil trafficking in human livelihood and smash the racketeering in the economic resources of the race. And Marx had just about everything needed for a great detective: patience, shrewdness, tenacity, prodigious industry, and the hound's keen scent for the trail. Never did an investigation start more auspiciously, nor give fairer promise; and never was a sleuth's final report such a horrible dud. He failed to put the finger on the higher-ups, and with them at large, naturally the racket has not been smashed.

His disciple Lenin murdered a simpleton czar, some farcical archdukes and a batch of capitalists, and then pronounced the investigation closed, the crime of human exploitation solved, and the social racket forever smashed in Russia. But the master minds, the higher-ups remain at large. They were not to be found in the material order to which Marx confined his investigations. They are of the moral order, and their hideout is the soul of man. There are at least two of them, these ringleaders and arch-despoilers of social well-being and concord, and they were identified by Pius XI as the lust for material wealth and the wanton seeking for pleasure. Not only did Marx fail to track them down, but when he blasted men's faith in a moral and spiritual order, he forever froze the trail that leads to them, forever sealed the mystery of the social crime.

How differently a great genius like Shakespeare surveyed the spectacle of human life. Shakespeare by any standard was no mean observer of the human scene, and his marvelous discernment and intuition sometimes make us gasp. Shakespeare pitched the theater of life and history in the moral order where it belongs. The only dialectic he cared about was that of soul against soul, the ceaseless conflicts among the free, feeble, sensual, selfish, ambitious, jealous, spiteful, revengeful spirits of men. If he had published a manifesto of social betterment, it would doubtless by anticipation have taken the words out of the mouths of Leo XIII and Pius XI.

Marx's denial of immortality can only prove a boomerang, since the way of life he would impose on society involves a great renunciation, the renunciation of property. There is no feeling more deeply rooted in consciousness than that of mine and thine. By the wildest stretch of imagination it can only be uprooted by powerful considerations, and by the very ones which Marx excludes from his philosophy. There has been endless renunciation of property down through history, but usually from powerful motives suggested by religion. Kings have doffed their crowns and gone into monasteries to make doubly sure of their salvation, deeming a kingdom small loss by contrast with eternal life. Deserts have been peopled and monasteries filled

with men and women who had made the great renunciation of property. But in all these instances the way of renunciation had been rendered easy by the shrinkage of the thing to be renounced in comparison with the thing to be attained. The will to ownership was anesthetized by religious considerations, and forfeiture of property became correspondingly painless. Even then the anesthetic didn't always work, as when the rich young man walked no more with Christ because he found it too painful to dispose of his possessions.

But Marx, by his denial of the spiritual and immortality, not only does not shrink the value of what he would have us renounce, but rather magnifies it fabulously. If there be no hereafter, then terrestrial goods are precious things indeed. Even the apostles seem to have felt that they had done rather handsomely by Christ in laying aside their fishing tackle. One wonders with how much alacrity they would have followed Him if they had not been nurtured in the prophetic faith of Israel. Communism calls for a terrific renunciation in the same breath in which it preaches everything imaginable to make that renunciation excruciatingly painful: nay, impossible. Of course Stalin can impose the collective farm by violence and bloodshed, but even a fool should know that a system thus founded will not endure.

After glimpsing these wild vagaries

of modern thought, one almost guffaws when Professor Coulton of Cambridge querulously taxes the Middle Ages for "the fatal exaggeration" by which they "enshrined Theology as Queen of all the sciences." How like a rheumy-eyed researcher into the distant past to be all hot and bothered because the mind didn't get enough rope in the 13th century, when already for several centuries it not only has had all the rope it could desire but has even gone and hanged itself. That regency of sacred science wasn't as stuffy as it sounds; any intelligent Catholic should be able to translate the metaphor. It simply meant that no bumptious dabbler in science nor glib agnostic could with impunity insult the creed and reverences of Europe. It meant that all Europe acknowledged certain ultimates, certain absolutes, certain divinely-attested verities which acted as a railing round the spacious porch of sanity to keep wanton thinkers from falling off. It meant that the Luciferian pride of human reason might not usurp God.

And Coulton calls the arrangement "fatal." Fatal to what? One can think of a hundred things, but all of them would have been most desirable fatalities. It was likely to prove fatal to heresy and superstition, to ludicrous caricatures of Christ's religion, to pessimism and despair. Fatal to impetuous and unproved assertions by half-baked scientists. Fatal to the moonstruck poet and crackpot philosopher. Fatal to the

justification of usury, the enslavement of labor, and the abdication or usurpation of inalienable human rights. Fatal to a jungle genealogy of the human race and the ascription of all behavior to the activity of the sex glands. Fatal to such unconscionable drivel as saying that economic necessity and the class struggle are the sole dynamic of history, that a majority is exempt from the demands of truth and justice, that one race is superior to all others, that all rights flow from the state, and that just because some bellowing bag of bones happens by a thrust of luck to find himself at the top of the heap he is therefore to be revered as God Himself. Certainly, when the creed for a brief splendid hour enjoyed primacy in the mind of Europe, it was fatal to all this. It was fatal to every attempt at flight from reason; it was fatal to softening of the brain of Europe.

But the creed has no longer that primacy, and Europe is no longer sane. We take a rather superficial view of insanity: we forget that a man can be as mad as a hatter and still be quite composed. Insanity is of the mind; it is derangement of thought and judgment. Consequently there is no insanity among the brutes; a creature must think to go insane. We distinguish, therefore, between the madman and the idiot: the idiot is innocent of any thought, the madman is thinking too much. He is thinking beyond the pale of reality, his thought has gone

beyond the facts. He is insane, precisely to the extent that his thinking runs counter to common sense, demonstrated conclusions or God's revelations.

In this sense, of course, insanity is nothing rare, for truth, virtue and justice are sanity; and error, vice and injustice madness. In this sense we may say of the Church that almost its chief historic role was that of nursemaid to the mind of Europe. Now, mental therapy is the slowest imaginable, and yet the Church was getting on swimmingly. She had at last brought her patient round to talking rationally in her monastic schools and her universities, and in another few centuries might conceivably have gotten him to abjure his last remaining folly of going to war—when suddenly a mighty roar cleft the placid air and a mad monk burst from his vows at Wittenburg. That ended the mental therapy, and by degrees Europe relapsed into its ancient madness.

How sadly we recall the Europe of Catholic times against the background of today! Europe of the splendid apostles, Patrick, Boniface, Augustine, when savage breasts grew tender at hearing the Word. Europe of the great Benedictine monasteries, irradiating light and peace; of the vast cathedrals, where Christ at nightfall could gather the weary nations under His tender wing. Europe of the merry peasants and jovial pilgrims. Europe of the great universities of Paris and Oxford,

where all Christendom held rendezvous with Reason, and limpid sanity poured from the golden genius of Aquinas. Europe of the troubadours and the singing Saint of Assisi; of the wayside shrines, the celestial chants, the matchless Madonnas. Europe of the faith—with all its family squabbles, but with all its family faith!

Applying the yardstick of faith to secular thought is disconsolate business. Each time one reads the text of a papal encyclical in the pages of the *New York Times* and then goes on to scan the rest of the paper, one realizes afresh with terrifying clarity how far the modern mind has strayed from sanity and truth. The Holy Father's utterances have a tone and tenor utterly different from what we are used to, and leave us with a feeling which can only be expressed in words which were spoken for the first time on a mountainside in Galilee, "Never man spake as this." It is the authentic voice, Christ speaking through His Vicar: you recognize Him in the unique and unearthly quality of what is said. The patterns of history are ever recurring. Then it was Jerusalem, now it is Europe; then it was trans-Jordan, now it is Vatican hill. A sorrowing figure again looks out across a land that does not heed the rumble of approaching doom, and the anguished cry is heard, "If thou also hadst known, and that in this thy day, the things that are to thy peace."

Alligators and Jive

Swing's O. K.—after Lent, of course

By ART KUHL

Condensed from *Youth**

Yep, it's true. The rug-cutting alligators still get out of this world when the licorice stick reaches for a riff and the suitcases send a chorus of solid jive. Translation for those poor benighted folk who don't speak the language of swing: The boys and girls are still jitterbugging.

Now I know that this doesn't constitute the No. 1 problem of the nation, not by a long shot, but the mere mention of jitterbugging has for some time been enough to send some of our best moralists into convulsions that look like second-rate imitations of a rug-cutter's shag. So I thought that I might just as well toss in a word or two for the defense.

While it may be true that jitterbugging jeopardizes morals when it's done the downtown way, the normal swing dancing of the normal boy and girl is about as harmful as the Virginia reel. Any dance at all can be turned to suggestive purposes; the point is that the dancing of most jitterbugs is strictly on the innocuous side. For it really is nothing more than a soft-shoe tap moved from the stage onto the ballroom floor. It's more complicated than the one-step or the toddle or the dip: on all of which I was duly weaned. It's a darned sight more energetic, so

much so that I can become exhausted with just watching it.

In the first place, jitterbugging is a free-for-all affair. I've seen partners dancing eight and ten feet apart, so far apart that I've looked for them to slip out semaphore flags in order to establish communication. Then, jitterbugging is so energy-demanding that it falls more under the heading of exercise than anything else. You have never really been properly impressed by the vitality of youth until you've watched a gang of jitterbugs step through three choruses of *Bugle Call Rag* and then go off into a corner to improve on a few especially tricky figures while the orchestra is trying to catch its collective breath.

Certainly if jitterbugging is immoral, the boys and girls that do it haven't as yet been informed of the fact. They simply go right ahead dancing because they like to do it. If there's no partner around, your dyed-in-the-jive swingster will do a little falling-off-the-log all by himself. They all take their fun very seriously (a mark of us youngsters that I've never yet been able to understand) but they take it as fun. And usually they're so busy concentrating on the steps that they haven't time, I think, to give much thought to the

*Supplement of *Our Sunday Visitor*, Huntington, Ind. Jan. 26, 1940.

moral implications that the sideliners are reading into the dances.

To be perfectly frank, I can't see at all why jitterbugging should have aroused such a storm. Swing (if you must be technical) is nothing more than music in which the basic rhythm is accented on the offbeat and a melody is improvised above the framework; jitterbugging is simply fast-step dancing that was done originally to swing. And although the strong bass rhythms

of swing appeal a little more to the savage side of man than do the patterns of a symphony, there's nothing about either swing or jitterbugging that should keep anyone from sleeping at night.

So I'd advise the moralists to take another look at the jitterbugs and stop worrying. And as for the jitterbugs: well, as soon as I've gathered my broken forces together, I'd like to have you show me how you do that third step.



Swing Music

By VICTOR SWIRZON, C.R.

Is not so hot

Condensed from the *Cantian**

While millions could differentiate between "swing" and "jazz" by listening to them, yet probably few could explain in what precisely they differ. Jazz represents the effort of composers who were often without an extensive knowledge of formal music to express the spirit of their age in an understandable way. At least in inspiration, much of it came from New Orleans and the turgid Negro life of the Mississippi Delta. It borrowed the regular beat of the tomtom for its rhythm and combining it with syncopation, produced a new type of music.

Syncopation is nothing new in music; all great composers have made

use of it. With the beginning of ragtime, however, it became more and more emphasized, until it reached the form of an offbeat accentuation. This consists in either anticipating or delaying the strongest beat, thus creating a provocative, artificial accent. This impels the listeners to call upon their natural sense of rhythm and bring about a resulting sense of triumph and satisfaction.

Jazz was a crude form of today's swing. It, however, was fixed and static in form. Therefore, as the proponents of swing declare, it ceased growing because of its lack of originality and freshness. The swing musicians avoid-

*3689 W. Pine Blvd., St. Louis, Mo. January, 1940.

ed this static quality by making improvisation an essential part of their music. As they express it, a player should be able to "feel" just when to leave the score and when to come back. He feels himself emotionally stirred by the music, and gives way to this individual and purely subjective feeling by interpolating into the score his own musical vagaries. During these intervals of instrumental "ad libbing," however, he is supposed to originate and not merely imitate. In addition to this more constant use of improvisation, swing differs from jazz in that it takes its inspiration from classical music, rather than from other sources. According to the swing master, jazz, with its rigid and pronounced beat of tomtoms, with melodies of a tribal or revivalist character, was softened, tempered and enriched by the influence of classical music. In other words, "jazz plus the classical influence produced swing, the new American art."

Many will declare that swing is only a caricature of true art; yet a caricature often contains more truth than a portrait. It would be difficult to express the modern tendency to deny the sacredness and value of tradition, to fly off on a tangent, to follow some personal whim, more succinctly than swing does. Just as the term "moral rearmament" expresses the current non-Catholic belief in subjectivism in the religious field, so swing translates this same subjectivism into the realm of

music. Nor does the mere fact that it is revolutionary constitute a condemnation of swing. Every creative artist has expressed something of a revolt against the established customs of his time, and some of the greatest composers were considered the most revolutionary in their own day. Debussy is an example that readily comes to mind.

Yet, essentially, swing is a distortion of music and it pictures the age only in so far as that, too, is distorted. Rhythm, melody, harmony, tone color, and form are five organizing factors in music, and their distortion individually and collectively creates swing. Rhythm is distorted and robbed of all regularity chiefly by syncopation. Melody is distorted by a refusal to follow the logical patterns offered by scales and the conventional harmonic combinations, by "breaks" in which the player is at liberty to create as he plays. Harmony is distorted by a departure from recognized concords and by playing of dissonant chords, for example, by playing in two keys at the same time, preferably only half a tone apart, thus producing sounds which are in decided discord. Distortion of tone color is an interesting phase of swing. It is brought about by giving the individual instruments the opportunity to produce abnormal sounds. This is done chiefly by muting the brasses, so that they imitate unmusical noises in a realistic manner. Form, of course, has little meaning in swing, where im-

provisation plays such an important role.

That swing is a reproduction of life only in so far as life is distorted is evident from a consideration of the elements of life thus reproduced. Swing has no concern with deep thought or deep emotion. Neither has a considerable portion of the world of today any such concern. It has its thinking done by others. Its reading is presented in a summarized, digested form. The news is given in brief, appetizing bits, already seasoned with editorial comments telling what should be thought of it. So, too, must its music be appetizing. It has no desire to exert the effort necessary to understand that which is not immediately obvious. It desires a music which will require no effort on the part of the listener; a music which will give an artificial stimulation and

create a sensible excitement, then leave a void, somewhat akin to that induced by alcohol or other stimulants. Moved by emotion more often than by thought, it is readily swayed by a music keyed to the high nervous pitch of life itself.

Perhaps in its overemphasis of subjectivism, however, swing most clearly depicts the distorted side of modern life, and at the same time presents the greatest danger to the young and unwary. We Catholics know that there is more to life than a purely subjective emotionalism. And too often swing is nothing more than emotionalism run wild. It does not necessarily descend to the level of sensuality, but it remains only a step or two above it, and the distance can be readily bridged by the vivid imagination and turbulent emotion of youth.

Apostolate of Art

The veiling of the statues in our churches during Passiontide is a subtle way of dramatizing the solemnity of the season. One might add that there are some churches which gain immeasurably in dignity and beauty when their statuary art is hidden from the eye.

John S. Kennedy in *Columbia* (Feb. '40).

The artists who are chosen to produce paintings and sculptures and music and dramas and all things else that beautify the earthly throne room of the King of Kings should first be saints; saints in the sense that they are members of Christ's mystical Body and that their membership will inspire them to do nothing unworthy of it. If we do anything less well than we can, surely we are not acting in a way commensurate with our dignity as members of the mystical Body.

George A. Ryan in the *Christian Social Art Quarterly* (Fall '39).

The "Homesick Million"

Haven in Shanghai

By FRANCIS A. ROULEAU, S.J.

Condensed from *Jesuit Missions**

Polyglot Shanghai! Haven of the *émigré* thousands cast up by revolution and political strife! A million homeless Chinese huddled together behind the barbwire frontiers of the foreign settlements. Refugee Jews, penniless and unnerved by persecution, dumped off on the wharves by every liner steaming in from European marts. And to go back a few years earlier, that pathetic exodus of White Russians fleeing desperately eastward over the northern plains before the scourge of the Soviet agents, and, at last, coddling shabby remnants of their former glory, making their way down the China coast until the granite battlements of Shanghai close about them like a citadel of reborn hope and protection.

There are 50,000 of them now, if you count in round numbers: the old landed gentry, every inch the lord in the "cheap-sale" clothes; the proud military class, white-haired but stepping as lively as cadets on parade; the intellectuals of all professions, one of the most cultured groups in the world, now reduced in great part to beggary but battling fiercely for a living in this strange, topsy-turvy *brouhaha* of many races and breeds. "Little Moscow," people call their noisy quarter in the French Concession. Outside Paris, it

is perhaps the largest colony of what William Chapin Huntington, formerly commercial attaché of the American Embassy in Petrograd, aptly terms the "Homesick Million," the tragic *émigré* Russia-out-of-Russia.

And the Church, though already overburdened with her vast relief and missionary projects in China, is now mothering this distinguished but out-cast nation, just as she mothers unfortunate humankind the world over. A scant decade only; and, through her Oriental rite, the Shanghai Mission has already driven roots deep into the great Russian community. Especially among the serious young folks for whom the woes of the parent generation remain an unforgettable tradition, seared raw into the family spirit. Ten short years! And the Shanghai emigration today possesses the largest single Russian Catholic body in the world, if it be true that the parishes in Poland have now been smitten and scattered by the godless invaders.

This is the story then, of the Catholic fragment of the exiled on the banks of the Whangpoo, an apostolate that may well have far-reaching significance in the Holy See's splendid dream to conquer the Russian soul back to its ancient faith.

*257 Fourth Ave., New York City. February, 1940.

It all began with a somewhat spectacular event in Russian *émigré* history. An archimandrite (vice-abbot) of the Orthodox Church, Nicholas Alexeef, made his submission to Rome before the Apostolic Delegate to China, Archbishop Constantini, in Peking, 1928. A lovable saint of the old school, the archimandrite had long been one of the most revered and successful among the Russian missionaries in Korea; and, on returning to the motherland because of failing health, was raised to his abbatial position in a great monastery of 1,000 monks. Obviously, his "defection" created considerable stir.

Armed with a commission from Rome to found a mission among the Russian exiles in China, the zealous new convert chose Shanghai as the scene of his apostolate and immediately set about organizing a Catholic nucleus here. As always, the beginnings were humble and beset with difficulties. Staunchly Orthodox, the mass of the Russians turned a cold shoulder to the spiritual efforts of their former pastor and missionary. A small room was fitted out, however, in a private home where the Byzantine rite could be celebrated for the few disciples. Unflagging persistence. Persecution and setbacks. The patient gentleness so typical of all Russian saints. Watered by these, the mustard seed took root and grew.

Rome grasped the potentialities and in 1935 sent out one of its top-notch Oriental apostles, Father Wendelin

Javorka, Czechoslovakian Jesuit of the Byzantine Slav rite and rector of the Pontifical Russian College of Rome, to collaborate with the hard-working Archimandrite Nicholas. From then on, expansion became necessary. Out of an indoor tennis court, Russian craftsmen improvised an exquisite chapel that has become the center of a rich, thriving *émigré* worship that has already reached the half-thousand mark. All this right in the shadow of the two lofty Orthodox churches whose graceful blue-tiled cupolas shoot up grandiosely amid the drab business blocks of the Concession. American and English funds, by the way, paid for these handsome edifices of the Orthodox cult.

When Father Javorka was recalled to Rome early this year, another Jesuit of the Byzantine Slav rite came out to Shanghai to replace him: Father Frederick Wilcock, a young wide-awake Englishman of 33, fresh from a year's special work at the Russian College, Namur, Belgium, followed later by an extended trip of inspection among Russian missions in Poland. Just previous to this, Father Wilcock had rounded out his long theological studies at the Oriental Institute, Rome, in preparation for the Russian apostolate.

A dynamo of zeal, the new English missionary has his heart set on youth leadership. That's his *métier*—and it's working miracles. Take his Russian boys' club, as a typical case. Not such

an elaborate affair, of course, as the downtown Y.M.C.A. because finances are mighty slim in this war-torn locality. But it has all the earmarks of a huge success. A house equipped in comfortable style with reading rooms and parlors and a sizable playground nearby. Just the thing to keep his lads off the baneful Shanghai streets and to furnish them with a wholesome "home atmosphere." Almost 50 Catholic boys, augmented by a like number of their Orthodox companions, take daily advantage of this recreational and cultural beehive.

What is needed more than a club, however, is a Catholic school exclusively for *émigré* boys where they can be trained in their own native standards of culture. Father Wilcock is humming day and night with plans for such an important venture and could pack a large school building within 24 hours were it not for an utter lack of funds. Meanwhile, the old-established Catholic institutions of mixed nationalities are attracting a privileged Russian elite to their halls. The Marist Brothers are educating an impressive group in their two English-speaking high schools for foreigners; all the convents report substantial enrollments of Russian girls and young ladies; and the French Jesuit Aurora University, though primarily a school for Chinese, opened its professional courses several years ago to Russian applicants, and is now turning out a number of very

promising young doctors and lawyers.

Perhaps the most noteworthy feature of the Catholic *émigré* apostolate in Shanghai is the fact that most of the conversions are taking place precisely among these upper-class students, both young men and women. It is easy to see whence such a movement may lead; and it assuredly warrants the high hopes our priests entertain of forging a spiritually virile, educated, articulate youth group that will make its influence felt among the "Homesick Million" in the Orient; and eventually, please God, in the new Russia of the future.

Russian girls have a head start over the boys in the matter of a school of their own. Seven Irish Sisters of St. Columban, consecrated to Russian feminine education, are already on the spot with a school that is nothing less than a marvel. Though it opened only in January, 1939, by fall the Sisters found themselves swamped with close to 200 intelligent, neatly-uniformed young women and are now casting around for more spacious quarters. Dyed-in-the-wool missionaries are these seasoned teaching nuns. Not only are they learning Russian themselves, but they are going over, baggage and all, to the Russian way of worship, which endears them to their intensely patriotic charges.

When you group all this buoyant youth together in the little "tennis court" church during the long, beau-

tiful Byzantine Mass on Sundays, all sturdy young scions of Russia's best blood, you have a sight not easily forgotten. Young Alexandrovitch particularly impressed me the other day as he stood up there before the iconostasis at Communion time: a slim, handsome chap of about 16, whose duty it was to hold up the little tots so that the priest, with the gold Communion spoon could place in their mouths the sacred *Chasteeci* (cube-shaped Host, as the Oriental rite uses it). Lastly Alexandrovitch himself received, swerved around and walked back to his place, head high and shoulders erect, the perfect picture of his gallant military father when commanding the Royal Regiment in the good

old days. Keep your eye on that fellow: he'll be a priest here some day.

"Nowhere else in the world," says the long-bearded but spritely young Father Wilcock, "is there such a glorious opportunity of working for the spiritual regeneration of poor enslaved Russia. A few solid American dollars would work miracles. Here in Shanghai we are rearing a generation of Russian boys and girls, all of them to the manner born; teaching them the love of God and thus in some way making up for the millions in Russia who are taught to hate Him. Here, too, we can prepare the young ardent apostles who, in God's plan and that of the Church, may one day win back the great motherland to the faith."



The Truce of God

In the days of chivalry it was a matter of excommunication to fight on certain holydays. This dictum of the Church was an affirmation of one of the nobler laws of chivalry. The sanctification of Sunday gave direct rise to the action of the councils for it was always agreed upon not to fight on that date. The Council of Elne, in 1207, forbade hostilities from Saturday night to Monday morning. Later, it was forbidden to fight on Thursdays, Fridays or Saturdays. Still later Advent and Lent were named as times when Christians might not engage in battle.

The first Truce of God was proclaimed in 1031 by the Council of Limoges at the instigation of Abbot Odolric and threatened with excommunication those lords who refused to live up to it. Coordinate with the proclamation of the Truce, was the successful attempt on the part of the clergy to make use of the chivalric laws that insisted upon protection of women, children, the weak and dependent. Christians under arms were required to observe the laws of chivalry and at the same time the protection of the Church was added to the list.

The Catholic Worker (Dec. '39).

Padre of the Electric Chair

Seeing them over

By HERBERT B. MORRIS, O.M.I.

Condensed from the *Oblate World**

Fourteen years ago, shortly after his ordination, Father Hugh Finnegan, O.M.I., was given as his "mission field" the chaplaincy of the State Prison at Huntsville, Texas. There, in the death house, he began the extraordinary apostolate that has won for him the familiar title of "Chaplain of the Electric Chair." He is a member of the 2nd American province of the Oblates, which has headquarters at San Antonio.

During his 14 years at Huntsville, Father Finnegan has walked the "last mile" with 108 condemned men. Though few of them were Catholics when they came to prison, 87 of them died with the consolations of the Catholic religion, a blessing that would very likely never have been theirs had not the long arm of the law finally brought them to the death house. How does Father Finnegan bring a condemned man to thoughts of God? He makes no mention of religion on his first visit to a prisoner; he presents himself as a friend, offering to write a letter to relatives or to interview someone of influence; in a word, to give help. Thus he gains the confidence of the condemned. The ice broken, the subject of preparation for a good death is gently broached. The study of Cath-

olic doctrine and of the influence of the sacraments sets a new horizon for these souls thirsting for Truth. When the convict has fully and freely agreed to be instructed, everything is simply and frankly explained.

Later on, sometimes just before execution, the sacraments of Baptism, Penance, and Holy Eucharist are administered. The condemned, at peace with God, can die repentant and pardoned.

"Experience has taught me," says Father Finnegan, "that night is the best time for my catechetical instructions. As a rule the condemned cannot sleep the first half of the night. They want the chaplain to visit them if only to pass the time and dispel the blues; hence it is my custom to enter the prison about seven P. M. and leave at one A. M.

"These prisoners depend upon me for everything; I am the human being who keeps them in touch with the world of the living. Many a long hour I spend at their grates listening to their stories and protestations of innocence. They entrust to me the responsibility of presenting their cases to the board of pardons; from me they learn news of their heart-broken families; their burial, should anyone ask for their poor

*Holy Wood, Essex, N. Y. January, 1940.

remains, is another task confided to me.

"All these services of charity keep me confined and closely occupied and, as may easily be believed, I breathe more freely when an execution is over."

George Patton, murderer of an entire family in north Texas, when about to leave his cell for the death chamber left as his testament with the chaplain the following: "Father, you have been so kind to me! I don't mind going to the chair. When I'm on 'the other side' I'll pray God to keep you a long time here, so that you will help many 'poor devils' like me."

"Patton," asked the chief warden, "have you any message to deliver to these present before we bind you in

the chair?" Deliberately, Patton spoke:

"Yes, I have a word to say. Fellow prisoners, make the same preparations that I have made when your turn comes to go into the other world. Thank God, Father Finnegan helped me to settle my accounts! Goodbye, to you all!" Kissing the crucifix presented to him by Father Finnegan, he sat in the fatal chair, was strapped up in an instant, and in six minutes he was dead.

Many tributes have been paid to this quiet and unassuming Padre of the Electric Chair. One came from a Protestant minister who said, "I consider it an honor to be known as Father Finnegan's assistant."



Cost of Education

According to the U. S. Bureau of Education, the per capita cost per pupil in the public high schools and grade schools of the country at large is \$32.62. This includes \$5.71 per capita as a charge on the investment in buildings and grounds. The bureau's statistics show that of this cost per capita \$20.21 is for salaries alone. The average daily cost per pupil in the public schools of the U. S. is 26c, or 31c if the charge for investment in buildings and grounds is included.

If the 1,800,000 children who attend Catholic parochial schools had to be accommodated by the state at the same cost per capita as those enrolled in public schools, the additional expense to the states would be about \$63 million. On the basis of the average daily cost per pupil the Catholic parochial schools save the states \$530,000 a day. In spite of this there are persons traveling around the country preaching that the Catholic school is a menace to America.

John A. Waldron in *Truth* (Dec. '39).

Who the King Is

By MARIGOLD HUNT

To be read to a child

Excerpt from the book, *A Life of Our Lord for Children**

When the apostles came back to our Lord after their preaching and healing expedition, they told Him all about it, and everything they had done. Our Lord listened to it all and then He said, "Come into a quiet country place with Me, and we will rest a little."

You see, the crowds were still all around our Lord, and they wanted so much attention that there was not even time to sit down and have a proper meal. So they took their boat and sailed away across the Sea of Galilee again. On the other side of the sea they climbed up into a mountain, so as to have a little peace and quiet for once.

But the people who saw them set out in their boat guessed where they were going, and followed as fast as they could, so that our Lord and the apostles could not have had much time to rest before there were as many people climbing up the mountain to them as they had left on the other side of the sea.

When our Lord saw that they had come so far to find Him again, He was sorry for them. He forgot about being so tired and began to teach them and heal the sick people they had brought with them.

In the evening there were still thousands of people up in the mountain, far away from their homes, or indeed, from any houses at all. When the apostles saw how late it was getting they asked our Lord to send everybody away, while there was still time for them to buy themselves some food for supper when they got back to the towns and villages near the foot of the mountain.

But our Lord said, "There is no need for them to go, you give them food for their supper."

Philip answered, "It would take far more money than we have to buy each of them even a taste of food!"

I think the apostles thought our Lord was joking, for Andrew, Peter's brother, said next, "There is a boy here who has five loaves and two fishes, but what use would those be among so many!"

But our Lord was not joking. He said, "Make everyone sit down in groups of 50 people each," and they all sat down on the green grass, and waited to see what would happen next. They saw our Lord bless the food and then take up one of the loaves and break it, and give the pieces to the apostles. And He did the same with the fish. When all of the apostles

*1939. Sheed & Ward, 63 Fifth Ave., New York City. 162 pp. \$1.25.

had as many helpings of bread and fish as they could carry, they took them to the people sitting on the grass. Then they came back to see if there were any left. It must have puzzled them, mustn't it, to see our Lord beginning to feed all those people with a little food that would have been just about enough for Himself and them!

But when they came back to Him they found that there was plenty more bread and fish; and so it went on, there seemed to be simply no end to those five loaves and two fishes! At last everyone had eaten all they wanted, although there were 5,000 men there, besides a great many more women and children. Then our Lord told the apostles to pick up the remains and put them into baskets so that they should not be wasted. They picked up 12 basketfuls, and some of this, I suppose, was what they had for supper.

When the 5,000 men understood what our Lord had done for them, they were sure He was the Messiah, and they decided among themselves to take Him by force and make Him their king. But He did not want to be king of the kind of kingdom they hoped for. First He told the apostles to go back to the seashore and start out in the boat at once, and that He would follow them after He had sent the crowds away. I expect the apostles were as excited as anybody, and as willing to try and make Him king!

But they did as they were told and

when they had gone, our Lord made the crowds go away, too, and then went off by Himself, further up the mountain, to pray.

Meantime, in the boat, the apostles were having a hard time. There was a strong wind against them and they were rowing as hard as ever they could without getting ahead much. About three o'clock in the morning they saw Jesus walking across the sea towards the ship, with nothing under His feet except the angry waves. They were all frightened, and thought they were seeing a ghost, and cried out. As soon as our Lord heard them He called to them, "It is I! Don't be afraid!"

Peter answered, "Lord, if it really is You, tell me to come to You, walking on the sea as You are."

And our Lord said, "Come!"

Peter walked straight out of the boat, and went towards our Lord walking on the top of the waves. I think it was wonderfully brave of him, don't you? But he couldn't keep on being quite as brave as that. When he felt how strong the wind was he began to be frightened and he called out, "Lord, save me!"

Our Lord caught hold of his hand and said, "Oh, you of little faith! Why did you doubt?"

And they walked together the rest of the way to the boat. As soon as they reached it the wind went down, and the sea grew calm.

The apostles came to our Lord, then,

and adored Him. And they said, "Indeed You are the Son of God."

But they still didn't quite know how much that meant.

Early next morning they landed on the shore, on the other side of the sea. Everybody recognized our Lord and went rushing to fetch every sick person they knew of, so that He might cure them.

In the meantime, the people He had left on the opposite shore were looking everywhere for Him. They knew He had not set out in the boat with His apostles, and they knew that no other boat had crossed the sea from anywhere nearby. Presently ships arrived there with people in them who said that they had seen our Lord on the other side only that morning. This puzzled them more than ever, but as many as could crossed over themselves, and when they found Jesus they said, "Master, *how* did You get here?"

Jesus said, "You did not come looking for Me because you have seen Me do miracles, but because I have given you food. Do not work so hard for the kind of food that goes bad and is no more use, but work for the food that lasts to life everlasting, which the Son of Man will give you."

They answered, "What shall we do, how shall we work for God?"

And this is what our Lord told them: "This is the way to work for God. Believe in Him Whom He has sent."

The crowds answered, "What miracle will You do for us to see, so that we may believe in You? Our forefathers were fed with manna in the desert, as we have read in the Scriptures: 'He gave them bread from heaven to eat.'"

Weren't they a greedy lot? Here our Lord had worked a great miracle to feed them only the day before and now they were asking for another miracle, and hinting that they liked best the sort that gave them a good meal for nothing! "Manna" was a kind of food that God provided for the Israelites in their journey through the desert where there was nothing else to eat.

Our Lord said, "What Moses gave your forefathers to eat in the desert was not really bread from heaven, but My Father will give you the true bread from heaven which gives life to the world."

When they heard that they said, "Give us always this bread!"

But the next thing our Lord said shocked and puzzled them: "I am the bread of life: he that comes to Me shall never be hungry and he that believes in Me shall never be thirsty."

The people He was talking to had never heard anything in the least like that, and they began to say to each other, "Isn't this Jesus, the Son of Joseph and Mary? How can He say He came down from heaven?"

But our Lord, because He had really meant what He said, told them the

same thing again, but making it clearer still: "I am the bread of life. Your forefathers ate manna in the desert and they are dead. I am the living bread that came down from heaven. If any man eats this bread he shall live forever."

The people listening to Him were more puzzled than ever and they were shocked, too. They began to say, "How can this Man give us His flesh to eat?"

So our Lord explained still more clearly, "Unless you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you. He that eats My flesh and drinks My blood has everlasting life and I will raise him up at the last day. For My flesh is food indeed and My blood is drink indeed. A man who eats My flesh and drinks My blood lives in Me, and I live in him. This is the bread that came down from heaven. Not the sort of food your forefathers ate, and afterwards died; he that eats this bread shall live forever."

When His hearers really understood that He meant what He said, many of them, even some of His own disciples, went away and would have no more

to do with Him. Our Lord watched them go. Then he turned to His apostles and said, "Are you going away, too?"

But Peter answered for them all, "Lord, to whom should we go? You have the words of eternal life. And we have believed and known that You are the Christ, the Son of God."

It is very easy for us to say that the disciples who would have no more to do with our Lord after they had heard this teaching were silly, but if we did not know about Holy Communion, it would sound just as surprising to us. No one had heard of anything of that kind in those days, not even from our Lord, so it is no wonder they were puzzled. Only our Lord had done so much to show His power that they ought to have tried harder to believe and understand.

Anyhow, I think we are very lucky to live now, and to have fed our souls on our Lord ever since we were five or six years old and quite understood about it.

Did you know that "Bethlehem," the name of the town where our Lord was born, means "House of Bread"?

Bad Habit

It is rather disturbing to realize that this war, which we are inclined to abhor as a unique disaster, is actually a bad habit. During 3,400 years of recorded history, war of some kind or other has happened in 3,140 of them. Only 260 years of peace seem a very small leavening for human fractiousness.

Douglas Newton in the *Universe* (15 Dec. '39).

No Questions Asked

Shoes and suits for souls

By CHARLES R. HANCOX

Condensed from the *St. Anthony Messenger**

A gaunt, grimy man, with shift eyes and the heavy lines of bitterness etched deeply about the corners of his mouth, slouched into the small dark store.

"Yes?" a young man behind a table inquired.

For a moment, the man's eyes met the speaker's glance, then dropped away. "Need shoes," he mumbled. "Size ten. Father Olier sent me. Said you'd fix me up."

The faint shadow of a smile played over the young man's face. "When did you see Father Olier?" he asked.

"Saw him the other night," the man said vaguely. "Do I get the shoes?"

"Of course, my friend," the young man said, getting to his feet. "Just follow me." Fitted, the man mumbled a gruff "thanks" and slouched out of the store. The fact that he had lied (Father Olier having been dead since 1655) made not the slightest difference.

Behind this most unusual charitable organization, stands the spiritual essence of two great men. One was Jean Jacques Olier, 17th-century Paris priest, whose love for the poor and afflicted knew no bounds. Contemporary of St. Vincent de Paul and considered by him to be a saint, the name of Jean Olier today is comparatively little

known, though there is a strong possibility that within the next few years it will come into its own.

The other is a Catholic priest, whose life has been closely patterned after that of Father Olier. With the modesty of Olier, who submerged his own identity in the cause of the Church, this priest, a member of the faculty of St. Joseph's Seminary at Dunwoodie, has consistently refused to allow his name to be used in any of his charitable works.

Three years ago, he and 12 Catholic gentlemen met to discuss means of aiding a portion of the estimated 10,000 homeless men who roamed the streets of New York, destitute and broken in spirit. Within a month, the Father Olier Guild was operating out of a small, shabbily furnished store in the lower regions of a rundown tenement at 11½ Washington St. in the Syrian section of lower Manhattan. Catering almost exclusively at first to the men of the waterfront and municipal lodging houses, the Guild has climbed today to an important and honored place among the charities of New York.

Nightly to its door comes a steady stream of poverty-embittered men: men beaten and broken, of every race and creed, Portuguese, Greek, Irish, Jew,

*1615 Republic St., Cincinnati, Ohio. February, 1940.

Protestant, Catholic, atheist. It is the proud boast of the Guild that none are ever refused, save for lack of adequate supplies. In the lone window of the tiny store, where all may see it, like some banner of the glorious crusades, rides the credo of the Guild, set forth in hand printed letters on a tiny placard:

THE FATHER OLIER GUILD

"Its purpose is to furnish clothes and shoes to the poor without the annoyance of red tape or embarrassing questions.

"Its aim is to help the poor without regard to race or color, to lend a hand to Jew and Gentile.

"The members of the Guild are 12 Catholic Gentlemen who believe in the providence and love of God. They are supported by the seminarians of Dunwoodie.

"Under the protection of the Mother of God they extend a helping hand to those who are in need."

Leaving the distribution of money and food to more munificent charities, the Father Olier Guild devotes itself exclusively to clothing unfortunates. It is the belief of the members that clothing plays a tremendous part in building a man's confidence and enabling him to become self-supporting.

One of the most notable cases of this sort concerned a civil engineer who had lost everything in the financial debacle of 1929. A man of education, ability and fine breeding, the shock

of financial reverses completely unnerved him. Deprived of his means of livelihood, his pride having suffered a tremendous jolt, the man drifted away from his family and gradually sunk to the level where he was roaming the waterfront. Then, one night, ragged and unkempt but still with that deeply rooted desire of being suitably clad, he walked into the Father Olier Guild in search of an overcoat. The Guild worker on duty saw beneath the tattered exterior. He procured for the man an especially fine overcoat and invited him to return another night, promising to make an effort at securing a suitable, complete outfit.

The man called again, and continued to call, and each time the Guild member, an amateur but nevertheless astute student of psychology, gradually built up the man's confidence in himself. Today, the gentleman in question holds a responsible position.

In another instance, the Guild, through the kindness of a hard-bitten Irish patrolman, succeeded in bringing about the rehabilitation of a young southerner. The young man was picked up one night in Battery Park, afterwards given a sporty Palm Beach suit. He was dressed as nattily as the next New Yorker and on the following day, his confidence fairly oozing out of him, he obtained a position.

Of course, there are the other kinds of cases. Too many in fact, revolving about deaths, evictions and unhappy

domestic situations in which the Guild does yeoman service. But these cases the Guild members prefer not to discuss. Being optimistic in viewpoint, they prefer to dwell only on the less sordid side of life. The fact that the Guild keeps no records of the cases it handles, leaving recollection of them to the memories of the various members, tends to play down the more tragic cases.

The working members of the Guild number 12 men who all work by day, plying such diversified professions as stock brokerage, real estate, banking and shipping. By night, they alternate at conducting the affairs of the Guild. To these 12 have been added 18 women members who, though less active, competently take care of the women and children who are invited to call one afternoon and one night each week.

None of the Guild members receive any remuneration. On the contrary, the expense of picking up clothing in their own automobiles is borne entirely by them. The Guild supports one second-hand sedan which is the official pickup truck.

The Guild has on hand a mailing list of 1,400 regular contributors who notify it whenever they have any old clothing on hand. Each such contribution is immediately acknowledged by a card of thanks.

Operating expenses are covered by voluntary cash contributions. Since its

inception, the Guild has received somewhere in the neighborhood of \$1,200. This has been placed in a fund which covers the \$20 a month for the store, the cost of operating the one official car, advertising, printing, postage and miscellaneous expenses.

One of the most unique features about the Father Olier Guild is that it does not wait for cases to come to it: it seeks cases. Cards placed strategically about the city list its address and business hours. Requests for cases are made to such organizations as the Henry Street Settlement, Catholic Charities, and the "Friend In Need" department of one of the city's largest newspapers. To these are added cases which come from the Department of Correction, and others.

The Guild has come a long way from that tiny organization which catered at the start only to the men of the waterfront. Now, in addition to these cases, they handle on the average of 25 family cases a week. And here is where the only point of dissension raises its head in the Guild. The majority of the members are most deeply interested in these family cases. Turned a trifle cynical by contact with the men of the waterfront, the majority of whom are chronic unemployables and more or less content with their catch-as-catch-can existence, the Guild members place their hopes in the family, which they consider to be the most important unit.

Here, there is a strong difference of opinion between them and the Guild's moderator. While not underestimating the importance of aid to the family unit, he considers the men of the waterfront as being the last outpost of helpless humanity and it is his opinion that if but one out of 100 can be rehabilitated the Guild has done its work well. This, in face of the fact that on many occasions the Guild moderator has sent his personal check to an assistant with the specific understanding that it was to be cashed and extended as rent to those in need, without any knowledge of from where it came. And further, despite the fact that on numerous occasions the Guild has discovered recipients of its charity walking around a corner and selling the clothing they had received to second-hand dealers. Despite all this, the moderator of the Guild has nothing but love for the hard, shrewd, bitter men who inhabit the waterfront and darkened alleys of the city, men with little apparent pride and less honor. These unfortunates, to his way of thinking, are those who test the mettle of those really interested in the rehabilitation of the unfortunate.

While offering charity to those of all creeds, the Guild is nevertheless a militant Catholic organization. Here, too, the members use psychology. Instead of trying to convert the recipients of their charity by direct attack, they discreetly place about the store, for

free distribution, any number of Catholic publications, relying on the inherent curiosity of their visitors to do the rest. The system to date has worked remarkably well. At present there are some dozen or more voluntary converts. While this might not seem remarkable when you consider the volume of cases handled by the Guild, the fact that all have been achieved by no apparent frontal attack makes them seem more sure of permanency. Then, too, the very credo of the Guild prohibits any more active crusading. To do so would only result in a lot of unbelievers feeling obligated to give lip service to a religion in which they did not believe.

A vexing problem of the Guild is in discouraging cases who come in, bearing letters of introduction. Every man, woman, or child who walks into the Guild store is certain of receiving the same patient and kindly consideration as the next. This is in no way a criticism of those highly organized charities which from their very setup require a staff of investigators. The weakness in human nature makes stringent control oftentimes necessary, especially where distribution of money is concerned. With the Guild, since there is no appreciable amount of money distributed, such highly efficient control is not required.

That the Guild has earned its spurs among New York charities has been proven beyond question. Recently it

opened a branch store in Yonkers. As this is written, it contemplates another in the Bronx. Here, and this is further proof of the importance of the Guild, it faces trouble with an organization known as the Workers Alliance, a curious hybrid outfit with the unmistakable tinge of red. But the Guild will open and will survive.

It is the dream of the Guild's moderator to some day have a string of 12 of these stores stretching across the country from New York to Los Angeles and, God granting, he expects to make it his life's work. A militant, active, brilliant priest, he instills in the minds of his seminarians the doctrine

that a priest's place is in among his people, stressing the need for charity, to both body and soul.

Several months ago, while out with one of the Guild members, he left his coat in his car while conducting some business. On coming back to the car he found the coat gone. "John," he said seriously to his associate, "it seems ironical that you and I who are engaged in the distribution of charity should be preyed upon so shamelessly." Then, as the Guild member was about to frame a suitable sympathetic reply, the priest smiled. "John," he said slowly, "do you think you have a coat my size over at the store?"

Figures of Phantasy

Will-power is the ability to stop at one salted peanut.—*Bishop John F. O'Hara, C.S.C.*

Poets, sleepless themselves, to give their readers sleep.—*Alexander Pope.*

The hours passed like slow beads in old fingers.—*Dorothy Eileen Sangster.*

We were flatter than a desk blotter.—*Edith Ryan.*

The road was a ribbon of moonlight looping the purple moor.—*Alfred Noyes.*

She has a memory like a pin cushion; everything that goes into it sticks.—*L. Housman.*

He was as still as a photograph.—*E. Waugh.*

A bore is one who opens his mouth and puts his feet into it.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

As accustomed to the unusual as a Californian.—*Bishop Francis C. Kelley.*

The mustaches dropped down, contra-Kaiser-wise.—*Arthur Hertzler.*

As inefficient as a new towel.—*The Memorial.*

He knows as much about the subject as a pig does about Hebrew New Year.—*John H. Schaefer.*

[Readers are invited to submit figures of speech similar to those above. We will pay upon publication \$1 to the first contributor of each one used. Give the exact source. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned.—Editor.]

Christ Is Risen

By RONALD KNOX

Behold, I make all things new

Condensed from the *Tablet**

When Easter comes, the Church delights to remind herself of that newness which is in the risen Christ. On Holy Saturday morning, a new spark must be struck from the flint, to light a new set of candles and lamps; new holy water must be blessed, and a new font; fresh cloths are spread on the altars, and the tabernacle itself, on Easter morning, is full of freshly consecrated Hosts. We are beginning all over again, making all things new. And we have a right to do so, for in the order of grace there is perpetual novelty. In the order of nature there is perpetual affectation of novelty, which never comes to anything; there is nothing new under the sun, however much, at the moment, things look different. Whereas in the order of grace there is no change apparent, but in truth it is a perpetual spring, inexhaustible in its fecundity.

On the first Easter Day it must have looked to Pontius Pilate, for example, as if he really had contrived to make a fresh start. The latest of the revolutionary leaders, if He was really a revolutionary Leader, was now out of the way. An example had been made of Him, and His crucifixion had passed off without incident. The rulers themselves had disowned Him; the people

had clamored for His blood. Really, it looked as if at last this stubborn, rebellious people were beginning to take the Roman point of view, to think imperially. What if he, Pontius Pilate, should go down in history as the man who effected a new orientation in Romano-Jewish relations? And by the mere gesture of recognizing Herod's jurisdiction over this unpopular Agitator, he had appealed to the man's vanity, and differences of long standing had been settled. A new atmosphere had been created: so, perhaps, Pilate wrote home in his next dispatch.

Meanwhile, the impression of our Lord's own friends about His resurrection was not, at first, that any epoch-making change had occurred, but rather that everything was, and was going to be, just as it had been before. St. Mary Magdalen meets Him in the garden, and clings to His feet exactly as she had clung to them in Bethany, less than a week ago. With our Lady, the faithful apostles once more entertain Him in the Cenacle, where they had entertained Him three days earlier; He still eats and drinks with them, and the very gesture He makes in breaking bread is a familiar one. When they are commanded to wait for Him in Galilee, they occupy the time

*39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4, England. April 8, 1939.

by going back to their old craft of fishing, for all the world as if they had never been called away from their nets. Everything is the same. How wonderful! It is as if the crucifixion had never happened.

Pilate's impression was exactly wrong; soon afterwards he was recalled to Rome, in extreme unpopularity, and within a generation Jerusalem was destroyed. In the natural order, our Lord's crucifixion made no difference, heralded no new departure, whatever. Meanwhile, in the supernatural order, where His own friends were concerned, it had made *all* the difference, constituted a turning point in the history of creation. Those patriarchs who rose from their graves with Him could have borne witness to that. The old covenant was at an end, all was made new.

Since then, as before, the world has shifted its fashions from age to age; and men in each age have hailed the novelty as a decisive one, and told themselves that the old, bad state of things could never happen again. We who have lived through the last 15 years hardly need to be reminded of that. During that time, most of the great countries of the world have announced a complete break with the past; there has been a proletarian revolution here, and a national resurrection there, and a new deal somewhere else; all the nations have decided to sink their differences once and for all, sev-

eral times over, and we have said goodbye again and again to war, rivalry, poverty and persecution only to meet them again at the turning of the next street. Have all things become new? Mind, I am not saying that everything goes from bad to worse; I do not even deny that, in certain ways, the world has changed, and is changing, for the better. But the change is a gradual one; these sudden new departures, these much-advised attempts to break with the past, do they really break with the past, or are they not rather a revival of the past in modern dress? Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher; there is no new thing under the sun.

If there is one institution in the world which, by common consent of its friends and foes, is rooted in the past, indifferent, when it is not hostile, to this feverish propaganda of innovation, it is the Catholic Church. During Holy Week we assist at ceremonies which plunge us back into our Christian past; ceremonies which in part, I suppose, have come down to us almost from the catacombs. We hear the Church, as she prays over us, suddenly break away from the Latin which is her native tongue and take refuge in Greek, like a very old man who, in his second childhood, remembers the language of his youth; we hear snatches of chants long disused, see the survivals of ceremonies which belong to an older world than ours. Still, obstinately, the Church takes refuge in her

remote past while she announces to us complacently, "Christ is risen; all things are made new."

So much her friends admit; her enemies are not slow to add that she herself is nothing better than a cumbersome survival, an institution once great that has outlived its usefulness, ripe for the scrap heap. Kept going, who knows how? Partly from sentimental loyalty, partly from the force of long habit, but an anachronism. Men have been saying that for 400 years; even earlier than that it must have seemed to many that her days were numbered. "Still doomed to death, but fated not to die," the Catholic Church has survived a hundred crucifixions by a hundred resurrections; and those who know her best know that she does not merely continue to exist; she lives. Her vitality is profound, witnessed from age to age not by revolutions or new deals, but by the fresh shoots of devotion and charity which she puts forth continually, age after age. It is always spring with her, hers is a perpetual youth; she has but to remember the three words, "Christ is risen," and with the very sound of them all things are made new.

That spring, that youth, belong as of right, not only to the Church at large, but to the life of the individual Christian. There are so many occasions in life when we say to ourselves, "Now I really *shall* be able to make a new start." We leave school, go into business, get married, rise to a position of responsibility, grow rich, retire from active work; now we can live as we would wish to die. Yes, but is there really all that difference between one stage and the next?

But in the life of grace, if we could only see it, there is a perpetual burgeoning of new life, not merely from one Easter to another, from one retreat to another, but with every worthy reception of the sacraments. Perpetual spring, perpetual renovation of our natures, if we could only catch the hour of grace and utilize it. Whatever you are, and at whatever time of life you are, that possibility of spiritual renewal is with you no less surely than if you were a boy at school again, or just leaving school to make your way in the world. Christ is risen! Those tidings can neither lose their force with age, nor be staled by repetition. Christ is risen, and life, for the Christian, is always new.

The vow of knighthood: I will be faithful to almighty God and loyal to the king. I will reverence all women. I will ever protect the poor and helpless. I will never engage in unholy wars. I will never seek to better myself to the injury of others. I will speak the truth and deal justly with all men.

Can a Woman Be a Diplomat?

They have been

By HERBERT WRIGHT

Condensed from the *North American Review**

Any woman knows the answer to this question, if by "diplomat" one means a person of tact. The good mother uses tact 24 hours a day in preserving peace among the individuals in the home, no two with the same dispositions, aspirations or ambitions. The young woman who has not yet taken a husband rarely fails to use tact in handling prospective suitors. The clever woman in professional life must be tactful in combating the prejudice of the competitive male.

The diplomat, however, requires considerably more than mere tact. There are some who believe that the very exercise of diplomatic functions by women, if not impossible, is highly undesirable or inexpedient. There are a number of reasons. First, the unfavorable attitude generally toward women as diplomats would at the very outset raise a handicap for her, as the fulfilment of her mission would be almost foredoomed to failure. Second, there are a number of posts, especially the ones usually assigned to the neophyte, in which the rigors of climate and other peculiarities of locality would preclude her appointment. Yet her assignment to more desirable posts would tend to weaken the morale of the men, who would naturally expect

equality of treatment for all members of the foreign service. Third, a woman, especially the attractive and accomplished woman sure to be appointed, would be apt sooner or later to succumb to the temptation of marriage, which would either entail her resignation just when she was becoming useful or would involve her in various complications.

The experience of the U. S. has not been particularly happy in this regard. Since 1923, six women have been appointed foreign service officers. Miss Lucille Atcherson of Ohio was appointed in 1922, served in the Department of State, in Berne and Panama, and resigned in 1927 to marry. Miss Pattie Field of Colorado was appointed in 1925, served at Amsterdam and resigned in 1929 to accept a position with the National Broadcasting Corporation. Miss Frances E. Willis of Illinois was appointed in 1927 and has served in Valparaiso, Santiago, Stockholm and Brussels, where she now is second secretary. Miss Margaret Warner of Massachusetts was appointed in 1929, served in the Department and in Geneva, and resigned in 1931 on account of ill health. Miss Nelle B. Stogedall of Nebraska was appointed in 1921, served in the Department and

*420 Madison Ave., New York City. Fall, 1939.

in Beirut, and resigned in 1931 to marry. Miss Constance R. Harvey of New York was appointed in 1930 and has served in Ottawa, and Basel, where she is now vice-consul. In addition to these, Miss Margaret M. Hanna of Michigan, after rising to be chief of the division of coordination and review in the Department, was in 1937 appointed consul at Geneva. It will be noted that four resigned after a comparatively short service and that none were assigned to undesirable posts.

But some might say that the objections raised are not valid in the cases of women as chiefs of diplomatic missions. The appointment of Mrs. J. Borden Harriman by President Roosevelt as Minister to Norway revived this question of woman's place in diplomacy. "Revived," I say, because five years ago the President did what was considered a startling and almost unprecedented thing when he appointed Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen Minister to Denmark. Many lifted their brows at the propriety of such an act, questioning whether any woman, no matter how talented, possesses the requisites for the difficult tasks of the diplomat. And now they also charge that such an appointment may lead to unusual consequences. They cite the marriage of Mrs. Owen to a Danish citizen and the citizenship question raised thereby, the solution of which might have been quite embarrassing, had she not resigned. On the other hand, many

others point to her excellent record to prove that not only can a woman be a diplomat, but in some respects may even surpass a man.

All, however, apparently agree that the question is new. In fact, the question is almost as old as recorded history, which demonstrates conclusively that embassages not only have been entrusted to women, but sometimes with the greatest profit to the state.

We may pass over the Sabine women under the leadership of Hersilia, who arranged peace between Romulus and Tatius, the Sabine king; likewise, Veturia, mother of Coriolanus, and Volumnis, his wife, who went out to parley with Coriolanus and the Volsci, then threatening the city.

One of the outstanding women diplomats of all time, however, was a woman whose sanctity overshadows her other achievements, St. Catherine Benincasa, born in Siena in 1347, the 26th child of her mother. In 1376 war broke out between the city-state of Florence and the Holy See. The rebellious Florentines had been placed under an interdict by the Pope for murdering the papal nuncio. The Pope had already sent Catherine to secure the neutrality of Pisa and Lucca, when the Florentines implored her to assist them in fresh negotiations with the Pope. She was commissioned to undertake the difficult task of interviewing Pope Gregory XI at Avignon. So persuasive was her presentation of their

case that the Pope committed the treaty of peace to Catherine's decision. As far as Catherine was concerned, her mission was a success, but a new set of men were in power in Florence; their policies were averse to peace, and so, "the patient died."

But so profoundly had she impressed the Pope that, in spite of the opposition of the French king and the Sacred College, he returned to Rome. In the following year Gregory commissioned her to restore the observance of the interdict in Florence and to make another attempt to obtain peace. The first objective she attained almost at once, but the second was delayed by the factious conduct of her Florentine associates. Shortly after Gregory XI had been succeeded by Urban VI, the arduous negotiations of Catherine over a period of five months resulted in peace being signed at Florence and the interdict lifted.

Examples of women diplomats in 15th-century Italy were Lucrezia de Medici, wife of Piero the Gouty, who in 1467 went to Rome to negotiate a marriage for her son, Lorenzo the Magnificent, to one of the Orsini; and Isabella d'Este, whose husband, Ludovico Sforza, Duke of Milan, charged her in 1493 with a secret mission to denounce the projects of the French against Naples.

In 1508 the Archduchess Margaret of Austria, in the name of her nephew, Charles V, concluded and signed the

League of Cambrai with the Cardinal of Rouen. This was an agreement to oblige the Republic of Venice to restore the places which it held from the Pope, the Empire and Louis XII. In 1529 the Archduchess Margaret and the Duchess Louise of Savoy, mother of Francis I, signed at Cambrai the treaty of peace known historically as the *Traité des Dames*, by which the sons of Francis I, who were prisoners in Spain, were released; Charles V gave up all claim on the Duchy of Burgundy and secured to himself Flanders and Artois, and French influence was eliminated from Italy.

James Howell recalls the case of a woman named Sardaus, who about 1648 frequently made the trip between Brussels and The Hague and was thus known as "the go-between (*entremetteuse*) of peace."

It will be seen that many noble women have conducted negotiations, but they did not enjoy the official character of ambassador. "The Marshalless of Guébriant," says Abraham de Wicquefort, "was the first lady that has had this quality annex'd to her own person, and she may perhaps be the last." In 1645, during the Thirty Years' War, she was named ambassador of France in order that she might appear with greater luster in conducting to Warsaw the Princess of Gonzaga, Marie Louise of Mantua, the spouse of Wladislas, then King of Poland.

Wiequefort's qualified prophecy turned out to be erroneous, as France sent and received women as diplomatic representatives on a number of occasions. The Countess Flecèles de Brégy replaced her husband as ambassador in Poland and Sweden and as such had correspondence with Louis XIV. Catherine de Neuville-Villeroy, Countess of Armagnac, was sent as ambassadress extraordinary to Savoy-Sardinia in 1663. To the same post were sent Françoise de Lorraine, Duchess of Vendôme, in 1665, and Anne, Princess of Lillebonne, in 1684.

In 1670, "the beautiful, graceful, and intelligent Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, sister of Charles II, sister-in-law of Louis, and a favorite with both," as Lingard phrased it, was the chief agent between the English and French courts in a negotiation lasting several months. Since her father was Charles I of England and her mother was Henrietta Maria of France, she enjoyed the confidence of both courts and was successful in negotiating the secret treaty signed at Dover just ten years from the day on which Charles II landed there amidst the acclamations of a too confiding people. By this treaty Charles bound himself to join his arms to those of Louis of France for the purpose of destroying the power of the United Provinces, and to employ the whole strength of England in support of the rights of the House of Bourbon to the monarchy of

Spain. Louis engaged to pay a large subsidy, and promised that, if any insurrection should break out in England, he would send an army at his own charge to support his ally. Though Henrietta was the chief agent in negotiating this treaty, her principal, the King of England, himself was chiefly answerable for the "most disgraceful articles" which it contained.

Although not a diplomat, Christine de Pisan (1363-1431) merits attention because of her writings in the field of diplomacy. She was born in Venice of Bolognese parents, but when her father became astrologer and physician to Charles V of France, she accompanied him and became at heart and by upbringing thoroughly French. Married at 15 and a widow at 26, she took to writing to support her three children. But her contribution to diplomacy is to be found in her *Livre de Faits d'Armes et de Chevalerie*, a virtual code of the law of nations of feudal society.

In modern times, the sex of diplomatic agents is gradually becoming an important issue. Most states are disinclined to accord *agrément* when the proposed agent is a woman. It is true, however, that recently some states have shown a tendency to make no distinction on sex. In 1922 the U. S. S. R. sent a woman, Madame Kellontai, first to Oslo, then for a short time to Mexico, and for the past eight years to Oslo again. The examples of Den-

mark and Norway also, in receiving Mrs. Owen and Mrs. Harriman as envoys of the U. S., illustrate this new tendency. "Loyalist" Spain sent a woman, Madame de Palencia, to Stockholm. The Scandinavian countries, at any rate, no longer have any prejudice against women as diplomats. As recently as July, 1939, Chile sent the charming Alicia Vieira, the only woman to hold an official position in the Chilean diplomatic service, to Washington as secretary to the Chilean Embassy.

So the answer to the question, "Can a woman be a diplomat?" is: women

have been diplomats. As to whether women should be diplomats, considerations of reason or custom do not hinder them from serving. In a word, it belongs to each state to decide for itself whether it shall send or receive women as ambassadors. If, then, women can be diplomats and in some cases have been more effective than men, and if the practice inaugurated for the U. S. by President Roosevelt should become widespread, it may be necessary to revise Sir Henry Wotton's famous definition of an ambassador: "A good *man* sent to lie abroad for the good of his country."



Why Not?

It happened that a Catholic woman on a trip East, stayed overnight at a hotel in a large city. The waitress at the hotel told her where the nearest Catholic church was. The woman attended morning Mass (this was a week day). She went back to the church in the afternoon. She wanted a Mass offered. There were few in the church when she made this afternoon visit. Only the basement of the church was open, and there were no names on the confessionals. Each person she spoke to in the church said he or she was a stranger. The woman went out and looked in vain for the rectory. (She learned later that it was on another street.) Baffled, she sought a drug store and tried to find the telephone address of the rectory—in vain. (She also learned later the telephone number was under the pastor's name and not under the name of the church.) As she sadly turned back to her hotel she happened to see a church on the opposite corner. This church was plainly labeled: Methodist Episcopal church, the rector was the Rev. Dr. Wile, and the hours of service were plainly set forth.

Why don't we have something like that on our churches? she wondered. Why couldn't we have placards telling who our pastors are and what are the hours of service. And, she wondered further, why aren't churches listed in the telephone books, instead of simply the rector's names?

Ethel King in the *Indiana Catholic and Record* (12 Oct. '39).

Saints' Names All Adrift

By JOHN GIBBONS

Sinners die, saints remain

Condensed from the *Irish Rosary**

The corrupted spelling of names is a universal process of language, and every nation clips names to fit its particular tongue. I believe Gibbons to be really Gilbertson cut short. Gilbert was a common enough Norman name, and not only the great man's sons but also his stableboys and hangers-on would get called first Gilbertson and then Gibbons as easier to pronounce. The London suburb where I live is Crouch End, and I believe it really to be Cross End. It's where pilgrims marching out from the old London to the ancient shrine of Our Lady of Muswell would first see the cross on the edge of the hill. The same thing happened with saints' names, and so in Portugal I have stopped at a tiny town-let of São (or Saint) Tiago, and who was he? St. James, of course. Or St. Benedict in old Catholic England got clipped into St. Benet as easier for the Saxon palate, while Austin canons or friars were really Augustinians. A stock instance of the thing is the English word *tawdry* as meaning trumpery. That comes from St. Awdrey, or Audrey, a sort of popular shortening or pet name of St. Ethelreda. There used to be a great annual fair of St. Awdrey, and the kind of catch-penny rubbishes sold at country fairs came to

be spoken of as St. Awdrey's or eventually as tawdry.

Coming to place names, we have Boston, in Lincolnshire, mother city and namesake of the great American city, which was really St. Botolph's *ton* or town. That's Anglo-Saxon, but the same process went on with Celtic. Try Padstow, in Cornwall, and it's St. Petroc's *stow* or town, while Launceston, in the same county, comes from Llan St. Stephen. Cornish had about the same root as Welsh or as Irish Gaelic, and the Celtic name has gone wrong under Saxon pronunciation. There are almost hundreds more such instances, and of course if you come to world geography you get enough cases to make a book. Half the places were discovered by the old Spanish or Portuguese navigators and were given saints'-day names in those languages. Belem, in Brazil, is only Bethlehem in Portuguese fashion, and Natal, in British South Africa, was reached on Christmas Day or *Natale*. Florida was discovered by the Spaniards on Easter Sunday, their *Pascua Florida*. That is the one state of the U. S. with a genuinely Catholic title, by the way, for Maryland had only to do with Queen Henrietta Maria, even though it was founded by the Catholic Lord Balti-

* *St. Saviour's Priory, Dominick St., Dublin, Ireland. December, 1939.*

more. Incidentally, I've been to the American Baltimore, and I went from Washington on a huge paddle steamer that ran down the Potomac River. It's two nights aboard, and we put in at about 50 little landings up this or that creek. Then somewhere the ship unexpectedly hooted three times, and from a flagpole ashore a great Stars and Stripes dipped thrice in answering salute. Why, I wanted to know, and not even the ship's captain could tell me, but ever since he had known the river there had always been a salute to Inigo Point. Then when I looked up a guidebook, that was a sort of summer rest camp for a Jesuit seminary. It had been Jesuit property for a century or so, and when I came to think it out, isn't Inigo the Spanish version of what we call St. Ignatius! A very odd survival indeed. But, of course, America itself has a good Catholic name, even though most Americans would never think of it. It's from Amerigo Vespucci, one of the early navigators, and Amerigo was merely the Spanish variety of the famous St. Emeric. For that matter, Australia was originally *Australia del Espirito Santo*, the Southland of the Holy Spirit.

With plenty of modern words, the old Catholic derivation has got entirely lost. They say that a horse's canter comes from Canterbury. The old pilgrims to the tomb of St. Thomas à Becket wouldn't need to gallop, you

see. Or saunter may be a corruption from Sainte Terre, the Holy Land. The pilgrimage in the old times would take a few years there and back, and one didn't exactly race over it. Of course, all the older English towns still bear traces of the now vanished Catholicism, and so in the commercial heart of the City of London there is a Paternoster Row and a Creed Lane, and so forth. When in the old days of the faith they had processions from the Catholic St. Paul's, those would be the places where the crowd would generally be saying the Pater Noster or the Credo. Even the word *stationer* has its Catholic origin. Outside the old cathedrals would be people selling rosaries and the like, and they had their regular stations or pitches. They'd also sell parchments with the proper prayers written on them, and so in time the "stationer" became connected with the sale of writing paper.

I had intended to end up by a few instances of queer names from Ireland, and then the truth is that I can scarcely find any saints' names there at all. It's odd, for every other village in Ireland has some connection with a saint, but the connection is in the Gaelic and not in English. Naturally, I haven't got an Irish Directory in front of me, but when I look up the Irish Railway A. B. C. which I have got, I can only find three saints'-name stations in the whole country. St. Johnston in Donegal, St. Ann's near Cork, and St. Mar-

garet's near Dublin. In England, the railway timetable shows columns of stations named after saints, but not in Ireland! The fact is that Catholicism in the Ireland of the Bad Old Times stood for politics, the wrong side of politics from the English point of view. These Popish saints must go. Do not

even let any places be called after them, so that when you find a town like Maryborough, it will be named after a queen of Whig politics and not at all after the Queen of Heaven. The saints, in fact, were not wanted.

They have, however, an odd way of coming back.



It All Began When

If the gravy drips from the potato impaled on the fork, where is it most likely to land? On the lapels of your coat, of course. But is the napkin there to guard the vital zone? No, it is reclining in supine ease upon the distant lap. The men of old were fully conscious of the problem, and they took the necessary precaution. For them, a napkin was something more than a piece of cloth which enjoys a lap-dog existence; they took it by one corner, shook it out, and placed the one corner in the collar. The rest of the napkin was spread over the chest in a pattern like a vertical baseball diamond, affording ample protection for both chest and lap.

But all this was changed by one corrupt man. In 18th-century England the whole political setup was corrupt, and the man behind most of this corruption was Walpole, the Prime Minister. The custom of only partially opening your napkin, and placing it on your lap, dates from his time and particularly from his dinners. When his guests sat down to dinner they would never think of tucking their napkins in their collars; they did not dare to do so. For an opened napkin might allow whatever was hidden in it to fall out in plain view of everyone, and in those napkins were usually to be found, of all things, bribes. Now, falling money might arouse a great deal of curiosity. Since no one knew whether there was money to be found at his place, each kept his napkin on his own lap; since these were the leaders of society the custom soon became set, with the result that now we all keep our napkins on our laps because of the corruption of one man.

William Moffitt in the *Fleur de Lis* (Dec. '39).

Rhapsody in Mud

By JOSE GARCIA

Condensed from the *Lulac News**

The touch of a woman's hand

The "rediscovery" of adobe cannot be dated with accuracy. In spite of the fact that no other material was in use in New Mexico at the time of the American occupation, and that it seemed to serve pretty well, our first Eastern settlers insisted on the frame and brick houses with which they were familiar. But adobe came into its own, the Spanish style was "discovered" and no other is now tolerated.

A century and a half before the appearance of "hot dogs," the Spanish settlers who were brave enough to move away from the populated section around Taos Pueblo to the stream called De Las Trampas, built a wall around the chosen spot and then began to think of a church. With sentinels posted, and their own weapons not too far away, they waded into the mud, and beating it carefully, made the thousands of adobes that were to become their temple. The work progressed slowly, with decent intervals for Apache and Comanche forays, and some farming on the side. They weren't building for beauty and could not have had in mind the thousands that would later admire their edifice and call it the most beautiful mission church in the Southwest. They weren't building for age: I believe they would

have been insulted if a couple of centuries later they would have heard people calling their church an "antique." They just wanted a good serviceable temple, the best they could have, adorned as a fit house for the Lord, and they did want it to last a while, a few centuries, anyway. Five-and-a-half-foot-thick walls seemed about right, and massive beams that wouldn't crack under the weight of smaller limbs and willow branches and packed mud. And of course a nice strong framework for some oil paintings that they got from Spain. For light: the usual skylight, made by raising the walls of the transept, and leaving an open space where the roof of the nave met it; the ingenious opening, without letting in rain, admits light and air, the light shining directly on the sanctuary, which is where light belongs.

When the walls were up, came the time of the plastering, for adobe insists on being covered, and will just waste away if left raw. We do not have any description of the original plastering job, but it must not have been much different from the one we had last year. About this time last year we were starting the *n*th plastering since the pioneers first took off their boots and started mixing the mud for

*503 Fewel St., El Paso, Texas. September, 1939.

the señoras and señoritas performing on the scaffolds. It has been a traditional labor of love ever since and last year it took the combined efforts of many men, women and children to give old St. Francis Church its facial treatment with Ranchos mud. Close to 400 persons worked at the plastering in the nine days that the job was going on, some in the most menial tasks, some in the dangerous work on the scaffolds, smearing the mud-straw-water mixture that surfaces the venerable walls. And the high and brave work was done, not by men, but by women. Plastering, in the Ranchos tradition, is women's work. Let the men defend the homesite, and plow the ground and get the wood, lay adobes, trade, haul freight, watch the stock; plastering, along with all home duties, belongs to the ladies. Men could assist in menial roles; theirs the heavy work, putting up the high scaffolds, getting the earth, helping the women up and down and standing by for safety's sake; but the real job was done by the ladies. Hundreds of preparatory acts had to precede each handful of mud. The water was brought into the mound of whitish dirt, straw scattered on top, and the whole went through a long mixing process by the men. Then each handful was kneaded by expert hands, after which children took the mud and water in pailfuls to the hoists whereby it went to the plasterers on top. These had to be absolutely sat-

isfied with the quality of the mixture or the whole thing would come back. Their calls for mud and water had to be quickly answered and their directions of "less straw" or "not so watery" or "more mixing needed" had to be obeyed.

And the infinite pains taken by their many satellites were rewarded, for it came out a work of art. Mud, plain gumbo, the kind that your wheels spin in on a wet day, *that* forms the beauty treatment of our church. But every handful of it is patted and smoothed and caressed as if it were gold leaf or rare paint. And the effect is worth it; witness the schools of artists that surround the church on a summer day to take it down on canvas, every amateur hoping to immortalize it. No heroic action did it; simply hundreds of men, women and children mixing mud. Every action was an integral and important part of the whole, and the *artistas* on the scaffolds would have failed except for children running to and fro with mud and water buckets.

La Iglesia de San Francisco de las Trampas (now Ranchos de Taos) is acclaimed the most beautiful Spanish mission church in the Southwest. The state tourist books place its birthdate as 1772; our local tradition is 1732. No matter what its age, it certainly is well preserved.

We have no documents on hand about its early existence; but some going back to 1800, and preserved at the

chancery archives in Santa Fe, give descriptions that would hold good for decades back, and the inventories are complete.

The latest chapter in the history of the old church was written when Archbishop Rudolph A. Gerken canonically erected the parish of Ranchos de Taos, on May 2, 1937, and this writer was appointed the first pastor of the church as such. Until then, the church had always been administered as a mission chapel of Taos.

The old *Libro de Cordilleras* depicts a living, struggling, dynamic community, such as Ranchos has ever been. Recent turmoil about whether a new highway should go in front of or behind the church is nothing to the petitions and counterpetitions that have marked the history of the edifice. A participant in the recent controversy wrote that Ranchos was a "peaceful pastoral community," and that "the serenity of the plaza around the church should not be disturbed." I wonder what the ancient *rancheros* would have thought of that. Knowing that our Lord had by choice walked the highways and crowded streets and that His apostles had preached in the market-places, the ancient *rancheros* must have had no scruples over making the square around the church anything but peaceful. On the Lord's Day, waiting for the priest to ride in from the Pueblo for the second Mass, they must have gathered together to discuss the news

and politics of the day. And after the Mass, who could begrudge the young fellows a little recreation in the form of games or races? And the *caballeros* decided they had certain rights, in spite of king's or *comandante's* decree. There was the matter of burials—Spain and later Mexico demanded they be made in an open-air cemetery, and the only one of that kind at the time was the one near the Pueblo. But the *rancheros* thought that was too far to take a body in a cart on a winter's day, and freeze while the grave was dug; so they wanted to bury in the churchyard and in the church itself. Hence the protests and the denials. As late as Feb. 5, 1876, Father Gabriel Ussel forbade such burials, citing the law of the legislature of the Territory, and from then on they ceased.

In the church records many names appear, names of great men all, the roots of the family trees of our present population. I like to think of them as of those noble, cultured young men that I knew in my youth: able to hold a prancing team or whip a stolid yoke of oxen, as well as to make festival with pomp and ceremony, or to discuss philosophy, politics, or the vagaries of the weather with equal finesse and authority; to give a send-off to a deceased neighbor, their chanted evening song laying siege to the very court of heaven; to take the lot that the Lord gave them, good or bad, and build a life, that, whether highlighted by fame and

radiant joy or soberly toned by suffering with sadness, was always *life*, interesting, throbbing, of the earth, in its matter, but with the Christian spir-

it, represented by the majestic temple, as its form. They would not want the old church to be called their monument, but it is.



Swallows on Schedule

By IVA HUNT KNOBLOCK

After many a summer

Condensed from the *Christian Family and Our Missions**

The sun peeped over the green velvet reaches of the Capistrano mountains and looked down into the village of San Juan Capistrano, which was bustling with unusual activity for so early an hour. The sky was as blue as a gentian and the air as tangy and sweet as wild honey in a bowl of chilled crystal.

It was the morning of St. Joseph's Day, March 19, 1777, the day of the beginning of a miracle that has continued to happen each spring and autumn, through all the years and down into the present time. This spring morning, the neophytes were hurrying to early Mass in the recently completed mission. Only last November had it been finished and blessed by good-Father Serra, and already the chapel was almost too small for the congregation.

An old Indian, leaning heavily on his staff of gnarled olive wood, paused a moment to rest beside the courtyard

wall before continuing to the chapel. His attention was attracted to a half-dozen small birds, skimming the walls and darting with the swiftness of light over the mission patio. Such birds he had never seen before. The backs were a rich purplish black, a spot of white marked their foreheads and their throats and breasts were dove-gray.

Suddenly, as though their inspection of the mission was complete, they rose into the air and disappeared in the direction of the sea. Mass was scarcely over when the birds returned, bringing with them thousands of their kind. Without a moment's delay they settled on the mission, the walls and old olive trees and straightway set to work building their mud nests under the eaves of the mission.

Where did they come from? Never before had such a bird been seen in that part of the country. How did they know of the completion of the mis-

**Techny, Ill. October, 1939.*

sion? Were the half-dozen birds seen by the Indian an advance guard sent on a tour of inspection? Whatever the miracle of their coming, these cheery little harbingers of spring were made welcome by the padres and the Indians alike. All that summer the flock lived and reared their young under the protection of the mission walls.

Summer passed and autumn came, and then about Oct. 21, a restlessness was noticed among the swallows. There was much chattering and preening of feathers. At the dawn of Oct. 23, the feast day of St. John, for whom the mission was named, the mission Fathers and Indians were awakened by a great rustling of wings. They rushed out in time to see the swallows rise into the air, as one, and, swinging into perfect formation, head for the sea.

No sooner had the swallows left their mud nests, than the swifts moved in. All winter the swifts held sway, and then came the morning of March 19 in another year. Out of the mists of the sea came the swallows, 3,000 strong. The swifts were discovered and a battle royal followed. The swifts were driven out and the swallows took up residence again for another happy season.

For 160 years now, according to the Indian legends, St. Joseph's Day has seen the coming of the swallows and St. John's Day bids them farewell. Never do they make a mistake. Nothing confuses them, not even Leap Year.

That there is truth in this legend is known from the fact that for 65 years written records have been kept, and every year the swallows have arrived and departed exactly on time.

Where they go at the end of the summer is not known. But according to Charles Francis Saunders in his book, *Capistrano Nights*, Acu, an old Indian of the mission, tells this story of where the swallows go at the summer's end. Acu is talking about the swallows with Father O'Sullivan of the mission.

"They haven't come yet and tomorrow is the day. But they always do come," he added confidently. "They say, padre, that when they go away from here at the summer's end, they fly to Jerusalem and stay there through the winter. I don't know why, but that is what people say; and after that, they come back here again for the feast of St. Joseph, and to build their little houses in the mission."

"But, Acu," said Father O'Sullivan, "between here and Jerusalem is a great ocean. How can they fly so far without getting tired and falling into the water?"

"You see, padre," he replied deliberately, "they carry with them in their beaks a little twig of a tree, and when they get tired flying across the ocean they put the twig on the water and alight upon it and rest themselves. And do you know, padre, the swallows do not work on Sunday? It is true. I have

watched them, and on Sunday they all stay inside their houses and don't do any work at all. I have always wondered how it is they know when it is Sunday."

This is Acu's story as to where they go in the winter. The ornithologists have no story; they do not know. The miracle of the mission swallows defies any natural explanation.

One day I was talking to an old woman who has lived all her life at the San Juan Mission. "Yes, the swallows have always come with St. Joseph's Day and left on St. John's Day," she said, "but there are not so many now as when I was a child. I think they do not like so many people around as there are now. And our white pigeons, the swallows do not like them. They keep as far away

from them as they can. So they build their nests mostly in the old part of the mission and in the ruins.

"You know it is strange how the swifts seem to know when it is time for the swallows to leave. They gather in greater numbers and chatter and scold as though impatient for the swallows to leave, so they may have their mud nests. And such a battle as they have in the spring! The swallows will not rest until every swift is driven out."

And so the miracle of the swallows of San Juan Capistrano remains a mystery; all our "why's" remain unanswered. But this does not keep hundreds of people from gathering, each spring and autumn, in the village of San Juan Capistrano to witness the miracle of the mission swallows.



Gallant

If we could have wandered into one of those pleasant wayside inns that welcomed weary travelers at every crossroad in Elizabethan England, we might, conceivably, have fallen into the company of a certain handsome young man attractively dressed in colorful doublet and hose. Like the rest of the guests, we would have lingered long over our tankard of ale, charmed by the elegant manners and ready wit of this stranger who introduced himself as Mr. Edmundes. We would have bowed a regretful farewell, when at last we had to be off, little realizing that this dapper young man was the Jesuit, Father Edmund Campion, on his way to offer up the holy Sacrifice of the Mass for a handful of Catholics at Lyford Manor, near Oxford. Priests had to be resourceful men in those days when a price was on their heads. Campion used all his native charm and all his knowledge of contemporary sports and gallantry to disguise his mission of keeping the love of Christ aglow in the afflicted hearts of his fellow Catholics.

M. B. McNamee, S.J. in the *Jesuit Bulletin* (Dec. '39).

What Caused This War?

It isn't so simple

By JAMES DEVANE

Condensed from the *Irish Rosary**.

If we ask what is the cause of this war we will not find it in what Chamberlain said to Hitler at Munich, what Ciano told Ribbentrop, or in the confessions of Daladier to Mussolini. We will not find it in Danzig or the Corridor. The causes go much deeper in the spiritual and physical, political and material, sides.

First cause of all is this: war is natural to man, it is part of his nature. War is like cancer, or famine, an inevitable infirmity of human life.

The Utopian pacifist is only one whit less dangerous than is the war-monger. Once in a while he is a true Christian man, but much more often he is a pink, who has no substance in his philosophy. One day he is shouting for disarmament; the next, for war against half Europe. He is in an international brigade one month. The next he is shouting for nonintervention. In one breath he yells for war against the dictators. The next day he refuses to vote supplies for the nation's defense.

The realist looks on war as the wise physician looks on disease. He knows he will never abolish war, just as the physician knows he will never exterminate all disease. The realist will strive to limit war by being ready to

meet aggression by force, and even more by striving after a philosophy which will produce a just international social order.

One of the immediate causes of the present conflict was the worship by millions of men of false idols: Democracy, Fascism, Naziism or Communism. Hence this war of ideologies, of the democracies against the Fascist states, of the Fascists against Communists.

It was never realized or stated that popular government, the only true meaning of democracy, can be realized through a monarchy just as readily as by a parliamentary representative party government. And in fact England through all its history was either a monarchy or an oligarchic government. England was never ruled by the plain people or representatives of the plain people.

From the *political* viewpoint there is no reason why a people should not have a monarchy rather than an oligarchic government. It is a matter for the temper of the people. One form of government has no greater sanctions in history or morals than the other. And indeed history teaches us the monarchic government is the favorite government of man, for the oligarchies

**St. Saviour's Priory, Dominick St., Dublin, Ireland. October, 1939.*

in history can be counted on the fingers of one hand. And the so-called democratic government (parliamentary party government based on manhood franchise) arose only in the 19th century.

The Nazi philosophy (the philosophy of blood) was if anything meaner and more degrading than the Communist. The Aryan proscribed nearly all men. The Communist allowed men of any color to enter into his kingdom provided he were baptized into the proletariat.

All these systems should have no interest for men of European ancestry. And in fact these ideologies were masks to conceal political and racial avarice and ambitions. The result proved it. The democracies tried to make a pact with Communist Russia. Germany, the anti-Commintern state, parried the blow and entered into a pact with Communist Russia. Neither the democracies nor the Nazi state will gain in the end. Germany, France and Britain will lose. And Europe, fairest daughter of the children of man, will suffer most of all.

Next to the insane ideologies was the raging, tearing campaign of propaganda. Now this torrent of abuse, for it was not argument at all, is directly connected with the treatment of the Jews in Germany. While it is right and just to condemn Hitler's treatment of the Jews, it is also right and just to note that the treatment meted

to the Jews in Germany was mild spring weather compared with the treatment of Christians in red Spain and Russia, Mexico and Hungary. It is remarkable that there was little propaganda to protest against the suffering of Christians in all these countries, but with the relatively mild persecution of the Jews in Germany there arose a mysterious wave of propaganda unparalleled in history: screen, radio, books, lectures, news items, digests and journals circulating by the hundred million lashed out at everything German. Yet if death be the supreme test of persecution, the Jews killed in Germany could be counted in a few dozens. The Christians slaughtered in Russia, Spain, Mexico, Hungary, could be counted in millions. Lenin, according to this propaganda, was a noble chevalier. Hitler was Satan incarnate.

As a result of this propaganda, no calm discussion could take place between France and Britain and Italy and Germany to cast a sound peace. A traveler in Europe could note that while the heads of the government in Germany were, perhaps, prepared to risk war, the people certainly did not want war. In England one might see the opposite, the people wanted a decision at arms, were keener on war than the government. If Hitler incited the German people to fight, the English man in the street goaded Chamberlain to war.

Next I would note the phenomenon of Hitlerism: Nazi Germany. Mingled with much bad there was much good in Hitlerism. When Hitler came on the scene Germany was demoralized. The last war, the blockade after the war, the influx of aliens from central Europe who battered on Germany's wounds, Communism, impossible reparations, had reduced the Germans to despair. Stressemann and Brüning were deserted by the Allies rather than by the Germans. Hitler raised the Germans up from that abject state, and gave them an economy in which no German child went hungry. The Germans had right on their side in claiming the Saar, in asking for the right to arm when others did not disarm; the advance of a state to its own frontiers, the Rhine, was just; and since the Allies thought fit to dismember Austria and leave Vienna the capital of an empire of 50 millions shanghaied in a country the size of Ireland, the *anschluss* could be defended, and in fact represented the opinion of the greater part of the Austrian Germans. And, since the Allies deprived German Austria of her historic mission in Europe, the Sudeten Germans, who were part of the Austrian Empire, were right in returning to the Third Reich.

But Hitler is a child of the Prussian spirit. And the Prussian spirit in history is characterized by one quality, military efficiency and a ruthless use

of armed power. Hitler, it is true, was an Austrian, but his mind is of Berlin. In the long struggle between Berlin and Vienna for leadership of the Germans there is no doubt whither his policy and sentiments tended. His mind is of a quality altogether different from Siepel, Dollfuss or Schuschnigg. He differs as much from them as the Hohenzollerns differ from the Hapsburgs.

The doctrine of the balance of power is also a main cause of the present war. This doctrine, which has governed English policy for hundreds of years, holds that England cannot afford to have any one power dominant in continental Europe. If such a power arises England must form a coalition against it. For this reason in the last 300 years England has fought against Spain and France, as today she fights against Germany.

England does not wear her heart on her sleeve. She carries it in her pocket. When her vital interests were affected she formed a coalition against Germany in 1914; once more in 1939, after the capture of Prague by Hitler, she formed another coalition against Germany. It was to consist of England, France, Jewry, Turks, Poland, Bolshevik Russia, and as many more as cared to join in.

The doctrine of the balance of power has this defect from a European viewpoint. England has in great measure ceased to be European. Europe,

it is true, is cracking up, but there are still left some vestige and foot-prints of what Europe was in the shifting sands of the Continent. England's interests and concern are out of Europe. They are in North America or Australia or Egypt or India or the Fiji Islands. And it would be better for the continent to be left to itself to mould its own destiny. England and the balance of power theory acts as a flywheel which sets Europe more off its true course than on it.

Next, I would place religion and race. The binding force of a society, or a nation, is religion. A common Christian religion was the link which bound together Europeans, for Europe is (or rather was) Christendom. The common thread of European life was not race. For there are and were many races. The link was religion.

The thread of a necklace may be weak or strong, but when the thread breaks, the unity is dissolved and the stones scatter. The division of Christendom in the 16th century was the first sign of the fraying of the thread. The religious wars of the 16th and 17th centuries were a further symbol.

Side by side with the fraying of the common thread which bound the many races of Europe together there advanced the exalted idea of *race*, and a further extension of that worship of race was the idea that political frontiers and racial frontiers should be co-terminous.

In the Roman Empire there was no such conception of society. Many races, many tongues, and men of many colors lived in that vast empire with a common citizenship, law, administration, army, and allegiance. The unity of the whole was symbolized in the worship of Caesar.

The Empire of Charlemagne which succeeded the Roman Empire in the west had no racial test of citizenship. Men of many races lived within it, Germans, Celts, Slavs, Latins, etc. The binding tie was a common religion, Christianity.

In the Middle Ages the political tie was not a racial one. Under the feudal system it was more a personal tie and an office which held the political society together. Political society was founded on a hierarchy of office, and the pivot of the European political society was the Emperor, attached to whom were monarchs, princes, dukes, free cities, counts, electors, etc. But the binding link that held together all men of Europe, whether within the Empire or without, was the tie of a common religion, Christianity symbolized by the Papacy.

Even with the splitting of that common religion in the 16th century, it was religion rather than race that determined political and social life. In France, for example, the Huguenots set up separate statelets and towns and shut themselves out from the body of French life. And in Germany also,

after the Thirty Years' War, religion, not race, was the test of the social and political community. This is what is meant by the formula, *Cujus regio, ejus religio*, the religion of the German statelet would follow the religion of the prince. Germany thereafter was divided into Catholic Germany, the head of which was in Vienna, and Protestant Germany, the head of which would come to be Berlin.

To heal the deep division in German life caused by religion, Hitler devised the salve of racialism. Henceforth there would be neither Catholic nor Protestant German. One philosophy, one blood, one German, one Fuehrer would dominate German society; all Germans would find a new life in the baptism of a common Aryan Germanic blood.

In the Middle Ages it was taken as a matter of course that a German city like Dantzic could live under a Slav state, as it was also quite common for Slavs to live under a German dynasty. So much has racialism dominated modern life that such a position is today regarded as intolerable. Millions of European lives may be sacrificed to prevent it.

The League of Nations, the parliament of man, the federation of the world, the brotherhood of all men: that is a noble ideal, but if you have a supernational parliament you must have a supernational code and canon. If a court of justice be real it must

have an agreed code of law, a sanction or punishment for aggression, and force to arrest the wrongdoer and punish him. The League of Nations had no one of these three things. Jumbled together in the League of Nations was Christianity, Jewry, Islam, atheism, liberalism, Hinduism, Communism, and a dozen other isms. Side by side sat a slave state, Abyssinia, and an old European state of high culture, Italy. Ireland lay cheek by jowl with Soviet Russia. The League was something worse than a ramp. It was a trap. The League was dominated by England and France, and they used it as an instrument by which the world would guarantee forever the territorial settlement of Versailles. Collective security was the specious phrase which hid the design, but in fact history will say the League was a main cause for landing Europe into collective anarchy and perhaps Bolshevism.

Finally, as a cause for this war, we would place a failure to recognize reality. The Germans, the plain simple folk, are a people of great virtues, industry, thrift, culture, discipline. There are some 70 millions of Germans in the heart of Europe. Wise treaty makers would have given a just outlet for the work and natural ambitions of such a people. When the British and French tried to hem in the Germans and deny them legitimate expansion, they denied reality, and Hitlerism was the natural result.

Animals and Man

By W. P. MacDONAGH, S.J.

Baedeker for sentimentalists

Condensed from the *Rock**

Dean Inge, that doughty adversary of Catholicism, holds up his hands in pious indignation at what he is pleased to term the official attitude of the Church on the treatment of animals. "Is it not a horrible thing," he exclaims in one of his essays, "that over a great part of Christendom the authorized teaching is that since animals have no souls we have no duties towards them?" At his suggestion animal lovers can, no doubt, conjure up a picture of the Pope prepared to canonize the good Père Malebranche who used to whip his dog daily in honor of Descartes' theory that animals were merely automata and could not feel. But as usual when dealing with things Catholic, the Dean is wrong here also. The Church abhors cruelty to animals as much as he does. But she will not subscribe to the stupid sentimentality which is so widely prevalent outside her fold.

One of the things on which many non-Catholics go hopelessly wrong nowadays is the question of animals. Many people have the crazy idea that animals reason and therefore have rights similar to human beings. "Fifi understands every word I say." Hence arises all that absurdity of conduct which places animals on a level with

human beings and sometimes even above them. For such people, cruelty to animals is a major crime to be protested against with much more indignation than the worst inhumanity to man. Often a starving beggar will go hungry while a pampered Peke grows fat and unhealthy on expensive delicacies. Large establishments are kept up for the sole purpose of housing stray cats and dogs while the hospital accommodation for the poor in our big cities is so pitifully inadequate. It has been well said that the difference between Christians and "the decent godless people" is that the former leave their money to charity while the latter bequeath it to the dogs' and cats' home.

It has always seemed to me that the gross over-consideration, given to pet animals by many people is a manifestation of a deep-rooted selfishness. Childless people are especially at fault in this respect. Who ever saw a mother of a large family with time to waste on animals?

It all goes to show that sentimentality and humanity are by no means the same thing. There are many imitators of Schopenhauer who loved his dog and hated his kind.

Now the Catholic attitude towards animals is based not on sentimentality

*P. O. Box 28, Hong Kong, China. December, 1939.

but on reason, on a realization of what they are and what precise function they are intended to play in the scheme of things.

Animals have no souls. They are devoid of reason and free will. Consequently they lack moral responsibility, the juridical basis of all right. It is therefore inaccurate to speak of "the rights of animals" at all. Again, there can be no question of equality between them and men. They are of a lower order of creation and were expressly made by God for man's use and benefit. "And God said: let us make man to our image and likeness, and let him have dominion over the fishes of the sea and the fowls of the air and the beasts of the whole earth, and every creeping creature that moveth upon the earth."

At the same time the Church vigorously denounces cruelty to animals and insists that wanton torture is both sinful and degrading. As St. Thomas points out: "There is an order not only in things but also in the use of things." In our use of animals we have a duty towards God whose creatures they are. We must use them as their Owner would wish and in conformity to their own nature. Now since God has given feelings to the brute creation, it is obvious that these feelings may not be abused. We may use animals for our necessary wants and welfare, even if this should imply the infliction of pain, but cruelty can

satisfy no reasonable want and is therefore sinful, a violation, not of the rights of the animal, but of the order and design of the Creator.

A man has also a duty to himself. Cruelty is a degrading thing and, if persisted in, will certainly have a demoralizing effect on the character.

Christian practice with regard to animals has been from the beginning a striking exemplification of the Scriptural ideal: "The just regardeth the lives of his beasts: but the bowels of the wicked are cruel." Even in the Middle Ages when people were less sensitive than they are today the hagiological literature of the Church, as the Protestant historian, Lecky, proves, "represents one of the most striking efforts made in Christendom to inculcate a feeling of kindness and pity towards the brute creation." We have only to think of St. Francis of Assisi to realize what the practice of good Catholics has been. And Miss Helen Waddell's book, *Beasts and Saints*, which was published a few years ago, should dispel any doubts which may remain about Catholic kindness to animals.

Vivisection has always been a very sore point with "animal lovers." They assume, altogether inaccurately, that animals feel pain with exactly the same intensity as ourselves and draw harrowing pictures of their suffering, forgetful of the fact that nowadays only minor operations are performed on the

living animals and those usually with pain-killing narcotics. Most physicians are in favor of a judicious use of vivisection. The principle is perfectly clear. Where there is question of the good of humanity, the animal may be used for man's benefit and welfare; that is part of its useful function. In most countries wise laws have been

enacted to restrain the employment of vivisection within reasonable limits, but it is obvious that such service of animals to man is of incalculable value to suffering humanity.

The Church here as elsewhere teaches the golden mean. It is opposed on one hand to degrading cruelty, and on the other to false sentimentality.



Deportment Department

When you find yourself confronted with meat on an abstinence day, ask for an egg. You needn't (in fact, you shouldn't) get tough about this; but quiet firmness will bring results. It will win you the respect of your non-Catholic acquaintances as well as merit in heaven.

If you bring your youngster to Mass with you, it's an act of charity to allow him the aisle seat. Could *you* follow the Mass behind three square feet of overcoat back? You never saw a child sit down in an automobile, did you? Better still, get to Mass early enough to lead him into a front pew.

Remember, there is an indulgence to be gained each time you make the sign of the cross. A pass in the direction of the forehead followed by a big circle in the air isn't the sign of the cross.

Down at Notre Dame University they call the early-leavers at Mass "spiritual yokels." The assumption is they have to go early to feed the ducks.

If you are a Catholic young man about to marry a convert don't, in your enthusiasm, be one of her sponsors at Baptism. This spiritual parenthood would constitute an impediment to marriage.

In some churches, Catholic publications are distributed during the last Gospel. This is because the priest knows that if he doesn't get them into your hands then he'll never get them there after Mass is over. This doesn't mean you're supposed to start reading at once.

[Readers are invited to report bad deportment they have noticed, for this department.—Editor.]

Graf Spee: War Without Hate

The propagandists warm chairs

By PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

Condensed from *America**

Darkness was coming on, and the *Graf Spee* found herself in an uncomfortable position. "Clever seamanship those British are showing," muttered the German captain. "They've got me in a bad fix, and I don't see how I am going to get out of it. Good gunnery, too," he added as the *Graf Spee* reeled under the impact of another shell.

What the captain thought imparted itself unspoken to the junior officers. Their exploits off the African coast, where within a few weeks they had sunk nine ships without loss of life, had seemed quite a lark, but this was different. "Well, boys," exclaimed a junior lieutenant, as he entered a compartment below which contained some 30 British captains and sailors, "we've kept you prisoners for long weeks, but it seems now that we're going to be your prisoners. Cheerio!" As the captain made for the muddy estuary of the River Platte, officers and men alike were conscious that they had done what they conceived to be their duty. What happened after that, did not matter much.

What the German captain said, and what his associates said, warms our hearts, and makes us think better of our fellowmen. It is pleasant to remember, too, that the survivors, Ger-

man and British, reached the safety of the harbor in feelings of friendship. The Germans praised the British skill in sea fighting and the erstwhile British prisoners proceeded to take up a collection to buy wreaths for the Germans who had lost their lives in the fight.

Brave men do not hate one another. We may go beyond this to aver that peoples do not hate one another. Many Americans who took part in the World War can testify that they did not hate the Germans, after they had reached the other side. If any hatred had been stirred in them by conscienceless propagandists, or by misguided American drillmasters, it had evaporated on the zigzag journey across the sea. On the field of battle they fought bravely, even desperately, but off the field they hobbled with such Germans as came their way, quite as amicably as did the American Army of Occupation that marched into Coblenz after the armistice. They seemed to understand that the Germans in the ranks did not like this business of killing perfect strangers any better than they did.

After all, living in peace with the enemy is an old American custom. It dates back at least to the days of the War between the States, when on

*329 W. 108th St., New York City. Dec. 30, 1939

countless occasions Yanks and Johnny Rebs fraternized with alarming demonstrations of mutual esteem. Often the officers were disturbed to the point of reminding the men that the business of war was to fight, and not to arrange social gatherings at which all the good fellows on the picket lines could get together, and after exchanging Yankee "vittles" for Rebel tobacco and moonshine, sit down to make a night of comradeship.

Of course, after the battle off the South American coast, the politicians and the propagandists drew out their typewriters and fell to work. The victory was the greatest since the days of Nelson, reported the British. The *Graf Spee* was barely scratched, retorted Berlin, but some 36 German heroes had been killed by shells filled with British poison gas.

Right here is the source of bad feeling, even of hatred; not in the men who fight, but in the politicians who stay at home to whip men into wars which their incompetence has precipitated. No claim of a complete victory has come, it would seem, from any British captain. The story of the poison gas was not attributed, even by Berlin, to the captain of the *Graf Spee*, but to an unnamed physician.

Indeed, it would not surprise me to learn next month that, while peace-

fully viewing the battle from the quarter-deck, a number of German babies were blown from their perambulators into the sea. That tale went well in the Spanish War which counts the largest number of disasters to babies of any war yet chronicled. Strangely enough, while the babies were invariably blown to bits, the perambulators always escaped. After that, we may hear how Germany is about to flood England with poisoned milk, skillfully conveyed into the country by recreant gold-bought Britons.

But I hope that these tales will not wipe out the compliments of the German captain. I should not like to forget those British prisoners who stood at attention, as the German dead were carried to their graves. I want to remember that those coffins were covered partly by the swastika, and partly by flowers purchased by Britons whose ships had been sunk, perhaps by shots aimed and fired by the very dead whom they were eager to honor.

When there is so little in this damnable business of war which allows us to think we are still human, we can catch at any bit of evidence to show that enemies can be generous with one another, and in hearts that are supposed only to hate, find ample room for genuine admiration of a foe, and even for affection.



As a convenience to readers far from bookstores, orders for any book we quote or mention may be sent (with remittance) direct to us.

Ghosts

By JOHN BROMKAMP, S.V.D.

Condensed from the *Word**

They get frightened

Foreigners in China who have had the courage to explore the interior have been impressed by the endless burying grounds. The walled towns where throngs jostle each other in streets reminiscent of crowded railway platforms are not infrequently surrounded by monstrous burial places. Circular grave mounds, often smothered in weeds, extend as far as the eye can reach. The ordinary Chinese is not so much concerned with the erecting of precious monuments as with the choice of a favorable spot. The only decoration consists of a rough stone crown to the mound.

In life (so runs the logic of the Chinese) you can change your residence as often as you like, but not when you are dead; and it is therefore a matter of great importance for the relatives to choose a suitable burial place, not out of filial piety so much as fear of the vengeance of the dead.

Here enters the geomancer with his compasses and magic book (the ancient *Yih-king*) to find just the right spot. Dryness or dampness of soil, its metallurgical qualities, growth of trees in the neighborhood, prevailing winds, position of the planets; all these things have a favorable or an unfavorable effect on the dead. It is a long and

expensive business. Every delay is a source of profit to the geomancer; every necessary change (such as, for instance, the felling of trees) adds to the income of the crafty magician.

The most valuable pieces of land are often appropriated as a result of the superstitious devotion to grave making. The enormous difficulties with which modern road-building meets are due to this superstition, for people would rather make a detour of several miles than disturb the peace of the dead.

Since the revolution of 1911, however, governing bodies no longer bother about this superworship of the dead. With cruel determination 1,000-year old graves are demolished to make room for streets and aerodromes. The rich, deeply resenting the outrages of the innovators, can have their dead re-interred; the poor who are unable to afford the necessary coffins have to look stolidly on.

The Chinese hold that he who is not buried according to all the proper rites will become a ghost who will mercilessly pursue the living to wreak vengeance. The clammy hand of such a ghost may chill the flesh of the sleeper in the night, causing sudden disease, swellings, tumors, strokes or madness.

*Apsley, Valley Drive, London, N.W.9, England. December, 1939.

Yet ghosts are timid and fearful; they flee from noise and the clangor of arms. People may chase them away with small explosives. In front of houses, dummies bearing the names of the members of the family are set up. The deception is complete; while the living sleep peacefully in their beds the ghosts take possession of the dummies. Mysterious magic words written on red paper and pasted on the door are effective safeguards; so are mirrors in which the prowling spirit beholds his own terrifying likeness and flees.

Stones of peaches are good charms against the evil eye. In olden days streets were constructed zigzag to baffle

spirits. City gates were walled up to prevent their entry. Curbstones were inscribed, "This stone can sustain it." The fury of the spirits was supposed to be turned aside from the living to the stone.

The belief in spirits remains deeply rooted in the nation. An exorcist is called in to assuage the sufferings of a man at the hands of a spirit, where we would call in the family doctor. The exorcist, generally a priest of the Taoist religion, puts the spirits to flight by means of incantations, religious formulae and fireworks—in return for a good meal and cash. But gradually this superstition is losing ground.



As a general rule people, even the wicked, are much more naive and simple-hearted than we suppose. And we, ourselves, are too.

From *The Brothers Karamazov* by Fyodor Dostoyevsky.



The story is told of a Russian girl who took a government examination. After it was over she feared she might have failed, and worried particularly over one question: "What is the inscription on the Sarmian wall?" She had written down the answer: "Religion is the opiate of the people." So she walked seven miles from Leningrad to the Sarmian wall to make sure. Yes, there it was: "Religion is the opiate of the people." Falling upon her knees, she crossed herself and said, "Thank God!"

Jack Finegan in *World Call* (Dec. '39).



In the 16th century there were real abuses to reform, like lay investiture and lay meddling in the monasteries. But the so-called reformers did nothing about weeding out the undesirables. It was not the lax that they led to the stake and the gallows; no, it was the saints. It was not fervor that the "reformers" were after, but favor with the rulers, the nobles, the lovers of novelty, of money and license.

F. L. Vickstrom in the *Liguorian* (Feb. '40).

Churches on Wheels

They go to the people

By EDGAR SCHMIEDELER, O.S.B.

Condensed from the *Homiletic and Pastoral Review**

The rise of the motor mission has been phenomenal. Though this mission is scarcely five years old, the records of the Rural Life Bureau of the National Catholic Welfare Conference for 1939 show activity in 20 diocesan fields.

Audiences run between 100 and 300. At one extreme, however, one finds instances in which only one or two dozen people are in attendance; at the other extreme, the records show audiences of 1,000 to 2,000. But there is always an unseen audience, since the speaker's voice is usually carried for some blocks by means of the public address system which has become a customary part of the equipment of the churches on wheels. A careful check of the attendance at meetings held by one missionary on 48 evenings in the diocese of Oklahoma City-Tulsa during the past summer showed a total attendance of 10,360, of which 3,350 were Catholics and 7,010 non-Catholics.

From the Paulist field of Tennessee, from which reports usually carry a note of optimism, there came one report this year that had a different ring to it. A mission was held at a fair-sized town, the center of a county with a population of 25,000. There was not one native Catholic among the 25,000.

Apparently, however, there was among them a considerable number of genuine old-fashioned bigots. Evidence soon turned up that some of the population "suspected the motor missionaries of being quite unholy." One of the missionaries tells the story as follows: "It is not possible to print what these rural folks think about us; and, I might add, many city people as well. The barber who gave me a haircut summed it up when he said that he 'guessed Catholics were all right, but he had been brought up to believe that they were the meanest, lowest, no-account folks in the world.' And no matter how you look at it, he was taking in a considerable amount of territory."

The narrator continues: "A strange type of mind prevailed among our questioners. No matter how we explained that we do not condemn marriage, or that we do not forbid the eating of meat, one of their number most politely but firmly refused to see our side of the story. He was convinced that we were deceiving him. I answered his questions through the Question Box, and Father Broome spent all afternoon discussing religion with him, and arrived exactly nowhere. He reminded us of an old darky preacher who was noted for 'knowing

*53 Park Pl., New York City. January, 1940.

so many things that ain't so.' Yet, this man was the most intelligent and forceful speaker in his congregation; he was considered a great scholar by the town-folk. He wished to arrange a debate with the members of his church (Campbellite) for us, but we politely declined on the ground that we were not there to debate but to explain Catholic teaching. It is not possible to debate when the opposition regards you as a liar.

"The ignorance of the so-called 'intelligent' people is appalling, and can easily account for the lack of impression we make. One old man is still holding out that the earth is square: he told me that Jesus sent the apostles to the four corners of the earth, and therefore it had to be square."

Other instances that showed at least a bit of hostility could be cited. In one small town in Colorado the mayor, who was an "elder in the local Protestant church," two nights in succession sent the police to inform the speakers that their public address system was so loud that it interfered with people who were listening to their radios seven or eight blocks away. In one place in Oklahoma City a Protestant "revival" was started the second night of the motor mission. The sum-total result was that the missionary quietly closed down shop till the revival had run its course, and then ran his mission the usual number of evenings.

However, these little bits of unpleas-

antness and occasional manifestations of hostility are in no wise the rule. They are very much the exception. While, as mentioned, in one Colorado town the mayor seemed a bit unco-operative, to say the least, in another the individual holding the same office thanked the missionaries over the public address system on the final night and asked them to return. This man was not a Catholic, and in the town of 1,400 there were only six Catholics. Also, while one minister picked a peculiarly inconvenient time for his "revival" in one town, in not a few towns in several different states ministers called the motor mission to the attention of their people and even attended themselves. All in all, the missionaries feel that they are wanted and that the people are looking for the truth. They realize that there are many in rural parts like the old lady who one evening asked the missionary for reading material. On the latter's inquiring whether she was a Catholic she answered, "No, this is the first time I ever had a chance to hear *anything* about the Catholic Church."

Most of the motor mission activity so far is being carried on among the whites of the countryside. However, in several dioceses the Negroes are being reached, too. Moreover, five motor chapels are being used among the Indians. In the case of the latter the churches on wheels are proving very helpful. As Father John Tennely, S.S.,

of the Catholic Indian Bureau says, "The Indians move so much one has to move their church with them." The first trailer for the Indians was brought into use scarcely two years ago on the Fort Apache Reservation, Arizona. Father Vincent Arbiter was placed in charge of it, and is still at the wheel. Today there are four others.

In the Dioceses of Savannah-Atlanta, Oklahoma City-Tulsa, and Nashville some Negro groups were addressed by the missionaries during the past summer. At the missions which were held for them at Fayetteville and Tullahoma, in the Nashville diocese, the Negroes are reported to have turned out *en masse*. The average attendance at the former place was 500 and on the last night well over 700, practically the whole colored population. Of this mission, the *Paulist News* for June, 1939, has this to say: "It was a strange sight and an inspiring one: the children all sitting on the ground in a large semicircle; their parents and friends sitting and standing behind them; in the distance from every direction were men and women to be seen hurrying to the field carrying chairs, boxes, blankets to be spread upon the ground, and in all this crowd not a white face to be seen. However, on several occasions friends we had made during the past week joined the 500 and more colored folk who sang with our records, said 'Amen' during the sermon, and wept and protested their love for

our Saviour as *The King of Kings* was shown upon the screen."

In general, the motor mission work has gone on the past summer in much the same way as it has in former years. One finds variations here and there in the methods used, but very commonly the procedure is as follows: About a week ahead of time posters are placed in the town in which the meetings are to be held, as well as in the surrounding countryside. A day or so before the opening of the mission, handbills are distributed by local children. The coming of the church on wheels itself attracts not a little attention. Sometimes patriotic airs, old rural favorites and religious hymns are played during the day or immediately preceding the religious program in the evening. Religious moving pictures, catechetical films, and transcribed lives of the saints are used effectively as parts of the religious programs. Invariably literature is distributed during or after the programs. Some of the missionaries place considerable emphasis upon the last-mentioned phase of the work, and distribute large quantities of reading material. Father Charles M. Carty, of the Archdiocese of St. Paul, for instance, distributed 150,000 pamphlets during the past summer. He had two boys accompany him in his trailer to distribute the booklets. He expressed the view that results of the mission come rather through the leisurely reading of literature afterwards

than through the preaching that is done during the mission.

Institutes are being conducted to train men for motor-mission work. By far the greater part of the work is done by priests. Seminarians, however, contribute not a little help in several dioceses. Here and there laymen and women are now beginning to play a part.

There is a very general recognition of the need for centering efforts in an intensive way in definite areas, once the first trail has been blazed by the church on wheels. This is particularly well stated by Father Joseph Cassidy, of the diocese of Savannah-Atlanta, who concludes that "it is expedient that we have several trailer chapels canvassing the extensive rural area of Georgia." He also recalled the oft-repeated remark of Bishop Gerald P. O'Hara of that diocese that "he would welcome the day when there would be a chapel on wheels in every county of the state." Father Cassidy is now centering his efforts in one particular area, that around Valdosta, where he began his work. "By remaining in an area for a year," he writes, "we shall have many opportunities for creating a

new mission, where all Catholic services will be carried out. By preaching in season and out of season we hope to accomplish for neglected areas the establishment of a church."

The oft-heard question, of course, is, "What are the results?" Four different results are consistently mentioned in reports: "the allaying of prejudice, the return to the Church of fallen-away Catholics, the provision of increased opportunity for the reception of the sacraments on the part of neglected Catholics in the countryside, and the conversion of non-Catholics. Statistically, reports may not look very impressive. However, the work is still young, and statistics do not always tell the whole story. The reports incite confidence and hope in the future of the motor mission.

Christ gave an indelible place on the pages of history to the small town. Is it too much to expect that the motor mission, the churches on wheels through which His work is now so zealously being carried on by some of His "other Christs," will serve as an instrumentality for placing the small town and rural village on the pages of the church history of our day?



Certain Indian tribes in the interior of Mexico had the savage custom of filing their teeth, with the result that their language could be spoken only by themselves. Franciscan missionaries, in their zeal for spreading the Gospel, underwent the painful operation of having their teeth filed so as to be able to preach to the Indians of those tribes in their own tongue.

The Catholic Women's Review (20 Dec. '39).

Victorious Spain

Rebirth and reconstruction

By JOSEPH F. THORNING

Condensed from *Spain**

It is an inspiring experience to secure a first-hand view of victorious Spain. The people are joyful for their deliverance at the hands of Generalissimo Francisco Franco. Everywhere, in the metropolitan centers like Madrid and Barcelona as well as in tiny hamlets, the overwhelming mass of the population gives visible expression to its relief and satisfaction.

No one speaks unsolicited about the dark days of the Leftist terror. By an almost universal tacit agreement, the subject is taboo, as being too horrible to recall.

One reason for the popular contentment is a perfect realization of the fact that "Spain has been given back to the Spaniards." During the bitter days of civil war, unscrupulous propagandists of the Left had done their best to create the impression that the Peninsula had been inundated with Nazis and Fascists. "Resist the foreign invaders!" had been the watchword of the Marxist die-hards. As soon as the legions of Generalissimo Franco completed the pacification of the country, the "invaders" were revealed to be decisively Iberian in numbers and spirit.

To the immense disappointment of Dorothy Thompson, Herbert L. Mat-

thews, Ernest Hemingway and Leland Stowe, the foreign auxiliaries of the Nationalist Army did not linger in the Peninsula. Spain did not become a puppet state; nor did the Generalissimo act the part of a vassal, which the Leftists had created for him. In domestic and foreign policy the Spanish nation lost no time in making clear to the world that its destiny was in the hands of Spaniards. The first of Franco's promises had been redeemed and his fellow citizens accepted his decision as a tribute to their own conscience, dignity and self-respect.

Another factor in the stability of the present regime is the generous service which continues to be rendered by the *Auxilio Social*. This gigantic social welfare organization, whose ranks are thronged with volunteer workers, did not fold up with the occupation of Barcelona and Madrid. On the contrary, every branch of its service was strengthened. The women, redoubling their activity, opened up thousands of new centers for the distribution of milk, fruits, medicines and hot meals. Housing problems were particularly acute. Committees of the *Auxilio Social* made the rounds of available apartments, calling upon the Spanish spirit of hospitality to record new triumphs.

*2 E. 34th St., Room 808, New York City. Jan. 1, 1940.

In some quarters this was no easy task. Recognizing the magnitude of the problem, Franco and his cabinet allocated more than 600 million pesetas for the construction of modern apartments and homes, particularly for manual laborers.

Even-handed justice prevailed in the apportioning of benefits in the new Spain. There has been no discrimination against former Leftist sympathizers on purely political grounds. Even criminals have been treated with magnanimity.

More than 360,000 of the 500,000 Spaniards who fled into France at the end of the civil war have been repatriated and are now engaged in the general work of rehabilitation. Six months ago, few suspected the task of repatriation and reassimilation could have been speeded up to such an extent. The re-entry into Spain has been systematic and careful. When completed, it will be found that none but criminal elements have elected to remain in exile. Spain, in turn, has become a place of refuge and safety in view of the spreading European conflict.

Those Spaniards who refuse to return to their native land are everywhere active in the Communist ranks, supporting the Nazi-Soviet aggressions upon small nations. For example, in Mexico, which not long ago bade fair to be the "Promised Land" for Leftists of all stripes, there is now strong feeling, official and unofficial, against the

activities of the ex-Spaniard, Col. Alfaro Siqueiros, spearhead of the Marxist groups south of the Rio Grande.

In striking contrast to this Nazi-Soviet mentality of the self-styled "liberals" is the attitude manifested by Señor Ramon Serrano Suñer, Spanish Minister of Government and brother-in-law of Generalissimo Franco. Immediately after a momentous meeting of the cabinet on Dec. 8, 1939, Señor Suñer issued a statement on the foreign situation. He said, "Spain, which fought as another nation in the defense of Western civilization against Asiatic barbarity, expresses its profound sympathy with the Finns in this difficult and heroic hour." This is further proof that Spain, under the leadership of Franco, follows a policy of principle, not expediency, in relations with other European nations.

Peace is indispensable for the completion of Franco's plan for Spain. The Generalissimo is thinking in terms of years of orderly progress, not mere weeks or months. He has projects for superhighways, irrigation works, increased port facilities, docks, warehouses, hydrographic equipment, reforestation and educational expansion. The new transatlantic service between Bilbao and New York City is a clue to Spain's ambition to regain her proper place in world maritime commerce. While in Madrid I was told that ships would be built or purchased

for passenger and freight transport between Buenos Aires, Montevideo, Rio de Janeiro and the Spanish Mediterranean and Bay of Biscay ports. Naturally, the service between Spanish Morocco and the Peninsula will be modernized and enlarged. Finally, a number of boats have been chartered to carry commerce into the eastern Mediterranean.

Spanish iron, copper, mercury, manganese and lead now have a ready sale in England and France. The oranges of Valencia are much favored in the British Isles. The olive oil of southern Spain is celebrated. Consequently, a wider distribution of all these products will cement political relations and simultaneously finance the billion dollar electric power and water system envisaged for Franco's Spain.

The Spanish government is aware of the deep religious sense of both urban and rural populations. During my travels in the Peninsula I was able to note that the first edifice to be repaired in practically every town was the parish church. Although the richness of the original decorations had vanished, it was offset by the spotlessness of each interior. Restoration of

religion, obviously, has been a labor of love. Every altar and every tabernacle, glowing with candles or adorned with flowers, offers mute testimony to the devotion of the Spanish people to Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. In view of these manifestations of popular sentiment, one may dismiss as malicious the propagandistic stories of any serious rift between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities. Differences about the application of specific measures to the national life may arise; they will not be quarrels about principle. Generalissimo Francisco Franco is more Christian in mind and heart than some rulers who gloried in the title of "Most Catholic King."

We may recall the tribute which His Holiness, Pius XII, paid to Franco when, earlier in the year, he greeted a group of Spanish pilgrims led by the Spanish Ambassador to the Holy See. The Pontiff, expressing his pleasure on this occasion, reminded his hearers of his wish "to participate in the victory achieved under the guidance of so illustrious a leader." It was with special satisfaction, His Holiness added, that he greeted Spain's "new epoch of grandeur."

Superfluous

When the Nazi officials were passing out food tickets in the little village of Konnersreuth, Bavaria, Theresa Neumann would not accept any tickets, declaring that she did not require any bread, butter, eggs or meat, since she needed no food at any time. Theresa Neumann, now 41 years old, has eaten nothing for 12 years.

St. Francis Home Journal (Jan. '40).

Lost Utopia in Paraguay

By ALICE L. RAINE

Civilization without money

Condensed from *Travel**

Abruptly you come out of the green twilight of virgin forest, and across a clearing you see the ruins, enormous, majestic and silent. It does not matter that most of them have fallen in. Looking at the expanse of walls and towers, you can imagine the great settlements that once stood here, literally wrested from the forest which ceaselessly and effectively takes back what was once hers.

There is something imposing and breath-taking about these ruins which testify, mutely and starkly, to the magnificent effort of the Society of Jesus to put into practice their tenets on the manner of living in this "trial life." So different was this reign of the Jesuits from anything that had gone before it that a study of its story in the light of its time in history is almost incredible.

Because of the difficulties which discourage all but the most determined travelers, few people have visited the ruins. One must start from Buenos Aires, setting out up the broad, mysterious Paraná River, the mother of waters of South America. At Corrientes, the Argentine equivalent of a Wild-West town, you change to a smaller boat for Posadas, whence it is easiest, but not easy, to reach the ruins.

On the Argentine side of the Paraná River, the San Ignacio ruin is the most imposing. But it is in Paraguay that you can better see and appreciate what the Jesuits did.

Encarnacion was the principal port of the Jesuits, but nothing remains of their work now. If you can sit on a horse for three days, you will be most likely to reach the missions. Most of the time there is only a boggy cut through virgin forest, where orchids hang heavily from sinuous trees and sometimes you see monkeys through the thick foliage of creepers.

The most important ruins are at Jesus and Trinidad, but all through this region, on both sides of the river and up as far as Iguazu' are remains of the Jesuits' empire. Even today this region is called *Misiones*.

This "Jesuit Empire" was a radical social experiment that unfolded in the heart of the virgin lands of South America 350 years ago, and endured for nearly as many years as the U. S. is old. In 1585, 48 years after the first adventurous Spaniards had sailed up the Rio de la Plata to Asuncion in search of gold, the first Jesuit Fathers, Thomas Fields, an Irishman, Manuel de Ortega, a Catalan, and Juan Saloni, a Portuguese, appeared. Here at last

*116 E. 16th St., New York City. February, 1940.

they could put into practice the dictums Christ had preached, and they began at once to gather the Indians into their *reductions*. The reductions were the village-like missions where Indians were assembled to live and be converted to Christianity. And for the most part the Indians came willingly to the protecting arms of the Jesuits.

The greater part of the "Province of Paraguay" was inhabited by the Guarani Indians. They were of medium stature, with supple bodies, brown skins and black hair and eyes. They had lived by hunting and fishing, planting almost nothing. At the head of each group of Indians, ranging from 20 to several hundred in number, was a *casique*, chosen, oddly enough, not only for his prowess in hunting, fishing and fighting, but also for his speech-making ability.

Around the middle of the 16th century, however, a new race had sprung up on the coast of Brazil. It was a mixture of pirates, escaped slaves, savage Topi Indians, murderers and criminals: the scum of the world. They had built a city, Sao Paulo, where they lived in wild splendor, and through all of South America they were known and feared as the *Mamelukes*. They lived on the slave trade and mined gold and precious stones.

The Guarani, therefore, were caught between two evils. Menaced by the virtual serfdom of the Spaniards and the slavery of the Mamelukes, they

turned without protest to the safety offered by the Jesuits.

It was not long before the Mamelukes heard of the prosperous reductions of the Jesuits, where thousands of childlike Indians were assembled, unarmed. They began to raid the reductions, killing those who defied them and driving the rest, men, women and children, into slavery. The Fathers, appalled at what was happening to their flocks, persistently petitioned the governor for arms for their Indians, but again and again they were refused.

Knowing that they faced extermination, the Jesuits decided that the only hope was to migrate. This migration, one of the greatest in history, was fraught with untold hardships, some of the reductions losing half to two-thirds of their number. But at length they settled once more, this time in the region now called *Misiones*, south of the Iguazu' Falls. But the Mamelukes still followed. Fearing that unless they were checked they might become bold enough to attack Asuncion, the capital, the governor, and through him the king in Spain, decreed that the Jesuit Indians should be given arms. And so it happened that in 1630, at the battle of Mborore, the Guarani Indians fought the Mameluke hordes for the first time, beating them so decisively that they never returned to the attack.

The fact that this powerful Jesuit empire endured so long can be laid

chiefly to the simple but ingenious social organization of the missions. In the beginning, the reductions were merely small villages of mud huts, the school and church distinguished only by being slightly larger than the others. But before long, under the guidance of the Jesuits, the Guarani, who had never done any work in their lives, began to build an enduring community. Orderly missions rose from the forest, with clean, regular streets; churches, filled with beautiful art objects, grew more elaborate until there were some which could vie with those of Spain itself. The reductions were built exactly alike, varying only in the number of their inhabitants, which must have ranged from about 2,000 to 10,000 in each.

Some of the missions were built near the river and had docks and wharfs. Others, particularly those nearest Brazil, where there was still a fear of attack from the Mamelukes, were surrounded by walls and trenches. But in each case, the unerring eye of the Jesuits had selected the best land; wherever possible, it was on a hill overlooking the countryside.

The missions were laid out from north to south, and east to west. In the center was a large square where an image of the patron saint was placed. Along one side extended the administration buildings, and along the other three sides were the houses of the neophytes. The most prominent

building was, naturally, the church, large enough to hold all the Indians of the reduction. To the right of the church was the cemetery, and to the left were two patios.

Around the smaller of the patios were built the rooms and refectory of the two Fathers in charge; kitchen; pantry; arms deposit; the reading, writing, dancing and singing rooms of the school, and, of course, the important bell tower, which called the Indians to their tasks.

This patio opened into a larger one around which the workshops were grouped. Here the indefatigable Fathers drilled the Indians in a multiplicity of trades, making them weavers, iron, silver and goldsmiths, painters, sculptors, tanners, hatmakers, printers. In a large storehouse at one side of the patio the community supplies were kept. All these buildings, as well as the large orchard which extended to the far side of the square, were enclosed by a strong wall that must have made the compound look like a fortress. Outside the wall was the *Cory Guazu*, a building which combined the functions of a hospital with living quarters for the orphans, widows and the aged.

The houses of the Indians were simple but adequate enough for savages who up until then had been accustomed only to huts fabricated of branches and straw. These were built of stone or adobe, the roofs thatched

or covered with tile. Each house was divided into rooms of equal size, and they were surrounded by large porches, the overlapping roofs being supported by pillars of smoothly cut tree trunks.

The two Fathers who resided at each reduction were its omnipotent rulers, although there was in each reduction a mayor, a representative of the king and other officials of a highly regulated civil government, all of whom were chosen by the Indians themselves. As these, like the rest of the Indians, were subject to the will of the Fathers, the matter of freedom of choice was purely academic.

The villages were also divided into *cazigazos*; that is, there was a *cazique* for every 40 to 60 Indians. This leader, however, like the village functionaries, found his title an empty honor save on holidays, for during the week the Guaranis worked side by side at their allotted tasks, with no differences in rank observed. In planning their "model villages," the Fathers had left little to chance. After the buildings were raised, an agricultural system was devised with the same meticulous care. The land around the reductions was divided into three parts. The best and largest was called the *Tabampae*, which means *community fields*. Three days of the week it was worked by the Indians, and the harvest was turned over to the community storehouse. The second part was the *Abampae*, where the crops became the personal property of

those who planted them. These were largely mandioca and sweet potatoes, still the principal food of rural Paraguayans. Each planted the same amount, for each received the same amount of seeds. Knowing the improvidence of the childlike Indians, and fearing that they would eat in a day what should last for a month, the Fathers made them turn the harvest from these fields, too, into the storehouse, and rationed it out to them at regular intervals. The third part, called the *Tubampae*, meaning *property of God*, were fields destined for charity, that is, for the inmates of the *Coty Guazu*. The inmates themselves worked these fields, and occasionally those also who had been lazy in working their own fields.

Nor was the tilling of the fields the only duty prescribed for the members of the community. Some of the Indians lived beyond the villages in small huts, coming to the reduction only on Sundays to hear Mass. During the week they watched large herds of cattle. Others were always on the watch for any stranger who might approach. And the most important task was the annual gathering of the yerba maté, the famous tea *Ilex Paraguayensis*. It was customary to send out expeditions to gather the wild-growing yerba and bring it back for consumption and export. Here, too, the Jesuits were foremost, as they were in all branches of trade, for they developed a monopoly

of the best grade, which was highly prized even outside of Paraguay.

The principal advantage enjoyed by the Jesuits was their wealth in man power. Every year they could send out thousands to gather the leaves of the tree-like bushes. Later on, the Fathers began to develop maté plantations around the missions and it was no longer necessary to send out the neophytes.

For those who lived within the reductions, the days passed, each like the others, each one governed by the tolling of the bell in the bell tower. When the sun came over the eternally green tops of the forest the bells of the tower began to ring, and several Indians went through the streets beating drums in a rapid rhythm and calling, "Brothers, already the day is beginning. May God help and take care of you. Awaken your children so that they may go to Mass and then to work." Before the cheerful beating had subsided, the brown children had thrown homespun dresses over their bodies, and came running to the church to repeat their catechism and hear Mass. There the adults joined them.

Mass over, the overseer of each group led them into the fields. One of them usually carried the statue of St. Isidor the Laborer, and walking along they sang hymns, kneeling down each time they passed one of the little roadside shrines. When they reached the fields, they deposited the image in

a shady spot and work began, continuing without intermission, save for two hours, 12 to two, for lunch and siesta. In the evening, carrying their saint and chanting hymns, they returned to the village. Once more they met in church to say a rosary and sing. Then they received their ration of yerba and, in the reductions where meat was plentiful, a ration of that as well.

Schooling was provided for the children. They did not learn Spanish, as the Fathers thought they did not need it. But they were taught to copy manuscripts, and their printing shops compared with the best in Europe. Some of them learned bookkeeping. Above all, they learned music and dancing. The Jesuits understood the Guarani's love of music. When out on their mission, they often took their harps and flutes with them and thus, like the Pied Piper of Hamelin, attracted the Indian into Christianity. The children with the best voices were taught to lead the songs, while the rest learned the tunes merely by listening to them.

In spite of this completely regulated existence imposed upon Indians who had until then known only complete freedom, the Guaranis appear to have been happy under the Jesuits. At its best, their life before had been unshackled, devoid of duties beyond the necessity of hunting for their daily food. But that carefree existence had grown more and more hazardous. In

the reductions there was safety, and there were other compensations.

True, they had to work or suffer punishment. But on Sundays and on the many saints' days and Spanish national holidays there were celebrations with glittering ceremony. There were sham battles, sharpshooting, competitive games in the large square, and a game similar to football.

On holydays elaborate processions or concerts or symbolic dances delighted the simple Indians. And on those days the office holders, the *cabilde* and *cazique*, the major-domo and constable received their holiday costumes from the storehouse, costumes of glittering colors and high plumes waving on colored hats, and strutted about in all their splendor. Some even proudly wore yellow stockings, although only the Fathers wore shoes. When night came, they returned their costumes to the storehouse and prepared for another day of labor.

One factor in maintaining this contentment was the absolute equality in which they lived. Money did not exist. No Indian possessed more than any other. Each had a hammock to sleep in, a stool to sit upon, a couple of pots, a fireplace, a room like all the others. Their chickens ran through the streets and on the *Abampae* fields, their mandioca ripened.

For several generations these docile Indians were guided in every step of their lives. Then, in 1767, at the expulsion of the Jesuits from the Spanish domain, they were left without their leaders, judges, protectors.

Within 20 years the rich and populous reductions were almost deserted. The king's appointees gave up and went away; the Indians disappeared. It took them a long time to learn to plan so that food would last them from one harvest to another, and while they were learning many of them died.

In most places where the Spaniard went, the aboriginal races disappeared and their language was forgotten. But in Paraguay the real language of the people is still Guarani. Not a little of the credit for the survival of that language goes to the Jesuits. If the Fathers had not taken the simple Guarani under their wings, protecting them as a race, they and their language would have disappeared under the vicious *encomendero* system of the *blanqueadores de raza*, the race whiteners, as the Spanish were called.

So the ruins of Paraguay, stark and desolate as they stand today, swallowed up once more in the forest, are not merely the last vestiges of a great experiment; they are the reminder of a safe harbor which protected a people from destruction.

America is putting up twice as much dog food as baby food.

John Edward Brown quoted in the *Catholic Worker* (Dec. '39).

Father Kino and His Missions

By FRANK PINKLEY

He died with his boots on

Condensed from a bulletin*

Almost a full life span of "three score years and ten" before the first permanent English settlement was established in Virginia; nearly a century before the Pilgrims landed upon the New England coast, the adventurous conquistadores and devoted Spanish padres were pushing up from Mexico into the regions we know today as New Mexico and Arizona. Here three widely separated branches of the human race, each with its equally distinctive culture, have left their indelible impress, and the prehistoric past has cast its spell.

More than 30 years ago the ancient Spanish Mission ruin at Tumacacori, in southern Arizona, was created a national monument. For the last 20 years it has been under my charge. I have studied the entire Kino chain of missions which extends from Tucson, Ariz., across the border to Caborca, Mexico. I have followed Kino's trails, mile after mile. I have read of his life and his works. All these are details that are written down in books where, if you are sufficiently interested, you may find them. Twenty years of association with the Kino missions and nearly 40 of living in the Kino Country, however, have convinced me that Padre Kino himself is not in the books.

You may not be of Padre Kino's faith; you may live in a different period and speak a different language; but once visit this Southwest and you will soon be sharing in many of the external elements known to this Father who

today is honored by every faith. Here are the streams and desert trails which he followed; here are the mountains which he saw; up there is the Picacho Peak, which guided him to the Indian village at its foot, two and a half centuries ago. Today a modern air beacon flashes on its summit from dusk to dawn. Living among these landmarks and with his people, you can get a little of the feeling of Padre Kino.

His superiors were never able to give him all the support he needed. His work was always undermanned and underfinanced. He was continually revamping plans to find some way of doing without something, to get the results he sought. The powerful Indian ceremonial men were leagued against him; many of his neophytes fell away. He had no way of forcing the Indians to work and they were, at best, not good workmen on construction jobs. They were a constant drain on his nervous energy, and he had no one to whom he could turn for relaxation; on the contrary, his few missionary workers in the cause depended upon him for strength to carry them through. I know all these things because for a quarter of a century I have watched our modern Kinos spending themselves among the descendants of the selfsame

*U. S. Dept. of the Interior, National Park Service, Washington, D. C. Feb. 1, 1940.

Indian stocks that Kino knew, and it is surprising how like his own are their lives and problems.

Put yourself in the place of Padre Kino. You would start out vigorous, full of plans, only to have ten long years of your lifetime go by before you had made your first convert. The next 20 years would pass more easily, perhaps, because by that time you would be used to sharing the privations of your Indians, and distributing about half of your meager salary among their poor and sick. You could look forward to ten or 15 years more of a slowing down of physical energy, and finally to death and burial among your beloved Indians; and after that to a gradual forgetting by the outside world that you had ever existed.

Or suppose you were given a parish as big as many an eastern state, with some 5,000 Indians scattered across it whom you must contrive somehow to visit. First, you would develop into an expert rider as you set forth on horseback into your new-old country. Then, in the course of a year or two, perhaps you would make a dozen converts. Heartened by this success, you would undertake the building of a little church. You would sweat blood raising the few dollars needed to buy the materials that could not be wrung out of the desert itself. And there, finally, your little church would stand, with its mud walls and dirt roof, topped by the cross which you had hewn out

with your own hands, and within, the stations of the cross, crudely but laboriously fashioned. "At last!" you would sigh, thrilling with well-earned satisfaction.

Then, in the line of duty, you would go on to other remote sections of your wide parish. Months would elapse before you could return to the little church. With eagerness and pride you would enter this first concrete evidence of your gains against the devil. Can you imagine your emotions when, behind the altar, you found the drums and masks and general paraphernalia of the old ceremonies carried on in the valley for hundreds of years?

Further, suppose that, calling in the Indians, you questioned them, and that, with what to them seemed irrefutable logic, they explained that if the shrine was good for your ceremonial material, it must also be good for theirs, and so, henceforth, they had decided to "throw in with you." The devil had merely been beaten around the stump! Could you laugh that off? I know a modern Kino who did; and who, still chuckling, went out and built another church! A devil more or less did not discourage him. As a result, in the quarter of a century since then, his little churches have dotted his vast parish which calls for three days in the saddle to cross in one direction, and six days in the other.

None of these modern Kinos I have known considers that he is doing any-

thing out of the ordinary, and I am sure that this was equally as true of the gentle padre, himself. Note the casualness with which he tells about the messenger who came in great haste from San Ignacio to announce that the soldiers had caught one of his converts in some petty thievery and were going to execute him next morning at sunrise. Kino relates that he went into a hall at Tumacacori where Mass was to be offered; that he then wrote some letters and afterward "rode down to San Ignacio" where he talked the soldiers out of their idea and saved the life of his Indian friend. The good Father refers to Tumacacori and San Ignacio as if they were neighboring villages; whereas a ride of more than 70 miles on horseback separated them. The whole matter was an incident in the day's work. But what of the hapless Indian? How do you suppose he looked upon the "incident" when his beloved Padre came riding in out of the night and—tired, hungry, saddle-worn—without stopping for food or rest, argued his case before the soldiers and won his pardon? Do you wonder that the Indians loved Padre Kino?

Padre Eusebio Francisco Kino was born at Segno, in the Tyrolese Alps, about Aug. 10, 1645. In 1663, when he was 18, he fell ill and made a vow to his patron saint that if his life were spared he would join the Society of Jesus and become a missionary. He recovered from his illness, and in 1665

he did join the Jesuits, completing his studies in 1677.

Kino went to Sevilla, Spain, in 1678, expecting to sail with the fleet about to set out for the Indies, but he arrived too late and did not sail until three years later. He arrived at Vera Cruz in May, 1681, after 96 days on the water. Proceeding to the city of Mexico he remained there until about the middle of October, when he was ordered to join the Atondo expedition which was going to Lower California to explore the country and Christianize the Indians. He went over to the west coast and helped in the preparations, and finally, on April 1, 1683, arrived with the expedition at La Paz, on the coast of Lower California.

In 1686, Padre Kino received orders to go to the north. It was not until March 13, 1687, therefore, that he actually arrived at the site of his first mission, Dolores. He was then 42 years old, and for 22 years had belonged to the Jesuits. Probably he had not neglected for one single day to pray for success in the mission field, yet all his labors thus far had ended in failure. His dearest dreams could now, he realized, never materialize. He had desired above all things to go to China. A caprice of Destiny, displayed when lots were drawn before leaving Europe, to determine his mission station, had denied him that Oriental field to work in. Then, in the New World, delays, labors wasted in barren fields,

had repeatedly been his portion. But Kino remained undaunted and fervent. With the zest of a crusader he entered upon his service among the Pima and Papago Indians; a service that was to continue for 24 years.

Padre Aguilar accompanied Kino to his new parish, to introduce him to the country. The two made a circle trip of some 75 miles, and then Padre Aguilar went on to Cucurpe. Immediately Padre Kino "began to catechize the people and baptize the children." In January, 1689, the Father visitor, Padre Gonzalez, inspected the missions. Kino repeated with Gonzalez the circle trip he had made with Aguilar, and then accompanied him as far as Cocospera. By 1691 the missions had so increased that Padre Pineli was working at San Ignacio; Padre Sandoval at Imuris, and Padre Arias at Tubutama. It was also in 1691 that Father Juan Maria de Salvatierra was appointed Father visitor, and he and Padre Kino made a trip west through Imuris, San Ignacio, Magdalena, El Tupo, Saria, and Tucabavia. They had intended to return from this point by way of Cocospera but a group of Indians arriving from Tumacacori begged them to come to that village and expound their new religion. The invitation was too good to be refused, so the Fathers came up from Tubutama and through the pass to Walnut Creek (now Nogales) and so down Nogales Creek to the Santa Cruz and thence

to Tumacacori. The Indians had erected three arbors for them, one for eating, one for sleeping, and one in which to hold their services. This was the first entry of Kino into what is now Arizona, and it is from this date that the actual modern history of Tumacacori begins.

While the Fathers were at Tumacacori, other Indians came from the north, from a place called *Bac* in their language, and urged the padres to come to their village. But it was decided to leave that trip for another time, and the Fathers turned south, going up the Santa Cruz to the present Mexican border and thence by the way of Cocospera to Dolores. They had completed a circle of over 200 miles.

In August and September, 1692, Kino again visited Tumacacori and went on up to Bac, which he named after his patron saint, and which since that time has always been known as San Xavier del Bac. On this trip he swung east to the San Pedro River, almost over the right of way of the modern paved state highway, struck the San Pedro near Benson, went south to Fairbank and thence home to Dolores.

During his stay with Atondo on the expeditions to Lower California, Padre Kino had noted that certain large blue shells, prized by the Indians, occurred on the Pacific side but not on the Gulf side of this "island." Subsequently, on a trip into the lower Gila country, Kino

noticed these same blue shells among the Indian possessions. He began to wonder if this indicated a land connection with the "island" of Lower California. Atondo had been put to the enormous expense of bringing in all food supplies by ships. What few cattle he had transported across the Gulf of California had cost nearly \$300 a head. Moreover, the water route was perilous, slow and irregular. With his missions in Pimeria now well supplied with several thousand head of livestock, Father Kino estimated the cost of land transportation at not more than a dollar a head. If his surmise were true, and Lower California turned out to be a peninsula, the problem of converting the Indians would be immeasurably simplified. At once he began to prove his theory.

By the aid of old documentary records, we find Father Kino starting out on Sept. 24, 1700, westward bound for Pozo Verde. He reaches Dolores on Oct. 20, having ridden some 1,000 miles in less than a month! His trip had proved that Lower California was a peninsula, and Kino came home thrilling with great plans for furthering the salvation of the thousands of souls on that peninsula by transporting supplies from the Pimeria missions around the head of the Gulf.

To convince Salvatierra, then doggedly laboring among the Lower California Indians, of the feasibility of this project, Kino set out on April 6, 1701,

via the Papago Country, for San Xavier del Bac and thence past Tumacacori to Dolores, where he arrived on April 15. He made trips to the Yuma Country. In 1702 the indomitable explorer-missionary started down the Colorado River below Yuma, crossed it, and followed it along the west side until he saw the sun rise in the east across the head of the Gulf of California. His explorations were now finished; his geographical deductions indisputably proven. Still confidently looking forward to fulfillment of his dream of opening a trail around the head of the Gulf over which to supply Padre Salvatierra with livestock from his Pimeria missions, Kino returned there to redouble his labors for nine more years.

On March 15, 1711, Kino died. Father Velarde, who succeeded Kino at Dolores and carried on his work, writes of him as follows: "Father Kino died in 1711, having spent 24 years in glorious labors in this Pimeria, which he entirely covered in 40 expeditions made as best they could be made by two or three zealous workers. When he died he was almost 70 years old. He died as he had lived, with extreme humility and poverty. In token of this, during his last illness he did not undress. His death bed, as his bed always, consisted of two calfskins for a mattress, two blankets such as the Indians use for covers, and a pack saddle for a pillow. Nor did the entreaties of Father Augustin move him to anything else."

Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us.]

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The lives of 17 Americans and a chapter on sanctity, by the Apostolic Delegate to hasten the canonization of American saints.

Bonney, M. Therese. *The Vatican*. Boston: Houghton. 131 pp. \$3.

A marvelous collection of photographs of Popes Pius XI and XII, the Pontifical Palace, Vatican City, and St. Peter's, along with descriptive notes.

Gheon, Henry. *Saint Vincent Ferrer*. New York: Sheed. 212 pp. \$2.

A splendidly written biography of the great 14th-century Dominican miracle worker portrayed against the turbid times of the Avignon exile.

Lamping, Severin and Stephen, O.F.M., tr. *Through Hundred Gates*. Milwaukee: Bruce. 308 pp. \$2.50.

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A vivid, universally appealing presentation of the life of the Poverello; written for the screen.

Mother Bolton. *A Way to Achievement*. N. Y.: Paulist Press. 109 pp. 25c, paper.

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Takes the reader inside the politics and culture of Europe, helps him distinguish between authentic war news and propaganda.